THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIII—No. 1474]
MARCH 16, 1932
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

RUGGER RETROSPECT: By HOWARD MARSHALL

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, March 16, 1932

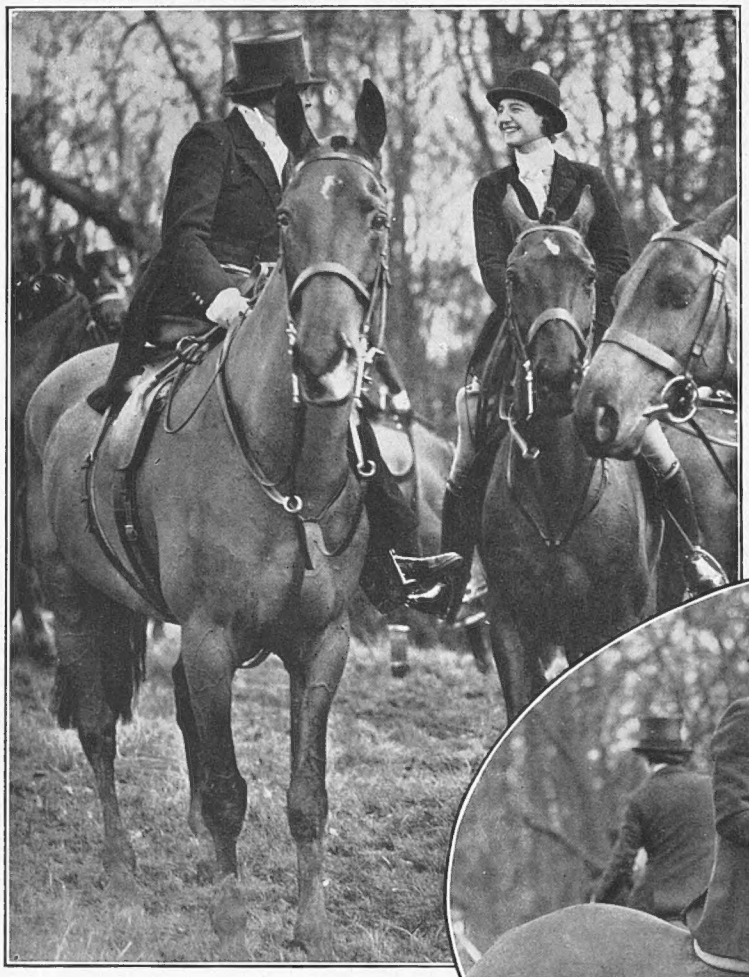
the BYSTANDER

No. 1474. Vol. CXIII

THE DISTAFF SIDE IN SOCIETY

Mrs. Dudley Ward, one of the most beautiful women in Society, with her daughter, Pamela. The latter, who is one of this year's debutantes and has already had two dances given in her honour, has inherited all her mother's good looks

COTTESMORE Cameos



The Marchioness of Londonderry and her daughter, Lady Helen Vane-Tempest-Stewart. They are seen at the meet of the Cottesmore, held at Burrough-on-the-Hill

Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Lady Allendale watching hounds move off from the meet at Burrough-on-the-Hill. The former is the second daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig

The Prince of Wales chatting with Mrs. Colin Buist whilst waiting for hounds to move off from the meet at Burrough-on-the-Hill

Miss Diana Fellowes (left) and Miss Ulrica Thynne out for a day's hunting with the Cottesmore. This famous pack, which is hunted by the Master, Mr. C. Hilton-Green, has been showing good sport to big fields lately

The Earl of Sefton and his mother, the Countess of Sefton, seen at a recent meet. Lord Sefton, who succeeded to the Earldom on the death of his father in 1930, was formerly a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards

the passing hour

THE crocuses are out in Grosvenor Square. You can once more play three rounds of golf in a day. The Lincoln is this afternoon (back Grand Salute) and the Grand National on Friday (back Heartbreak Hill). On Saturday there is the Boat Race ("Come on, Oxford!"), and the Halford Hewitt Cup will be batted for at Deal.

EVERYTHING, in fact, is lovely in the garden for the sunburnt people who have been pouring back in the last few days from Egypt, South Africa, and the West Indies. Sir Harry McGowan gave a party the other night to celebrate the return from the Cape of his pretty debutante daughter Nan. Miss Margaret Whigham is with us again, and so are Miss Eileen Brougham and Lady Joan Villiers.

BESIDES all these young people, hundreds have returned from following the strawberries in the West Indies. Lord and Lady Cavan, Lord and Lady Coke, Lord Doverdale, and Mrs. Percy Melusson have returned in the "Duchess of Richmond," Sir Edmund Vestey, Lord and Lady Burnham, Lady Somerleyton, and Commander Brand have returned in the "Arandora Star." These two luxury ships met at Havana, where the Duke of Manchester and his new Duchess are still on honeymoon. I hear she is dark, pretty, and very good at Contract.

THE "Arandora Star" also crossed the trail of the "Otranto" at Kingston (Jamaica) and at Madeira, which is very English and very cold. The passengers in the "Otranto" went and danced on the "Arandora Star" and then in turn acted as hosts. So it was all very jolly. It appears, however, that only one engagement is likely to result from it all.

WELCOME HOME!

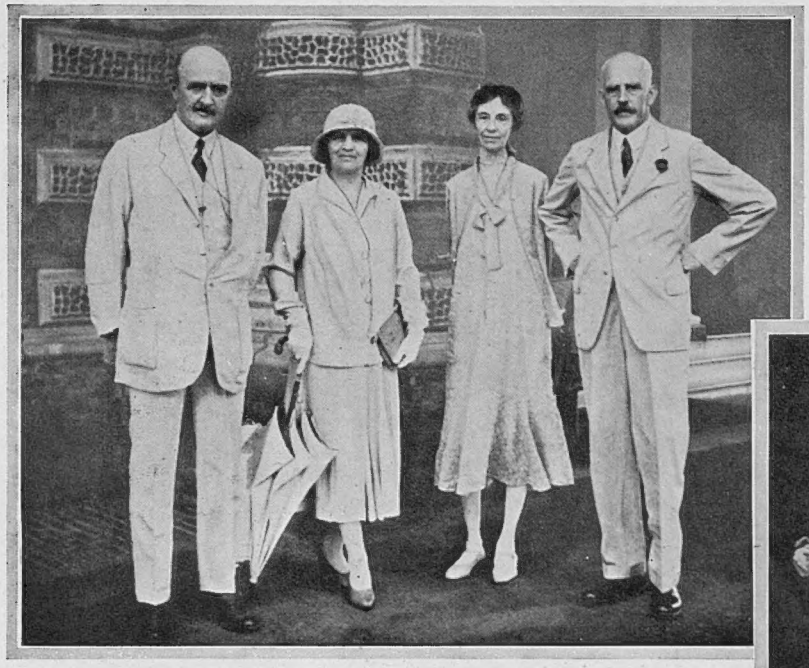
The Countess of Bessborough, the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, recently returned on a visit to this country for the first time since her husband's appointment. She is seen with her elder son, Viscount Duncannon, who met her on her arrival at Liverpool Street Station

A NOTABLE CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley's little daughter was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, and the above photograph shows the baby with her parents, her little brother Gay, and the godparents, after the ceremony

EVERYBODY in the "Arandora Star" got tremendously sunburnt, including Miss Peggy Hammett, who was, I hear, the belle of the ship, although she has still some time to go at her finishing school in Paris. Commander Brand, who was one of the several people who took the £4 flying trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic over the Panama Canal, was burnt as dark as an Indian. You will remember him as having come in third in the King's Cup race last year. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Austen's son, also got a touch of the sun.

ONE of the passengers gave me a graphic description of the cruise—of the glass-bottomed boats at Nassau; of Lord and Lady Byng living in their bungalow fifty miles from Kingston (Jamaica), before going on to California; of the gin and ukulele parties given by young Americans



Field - Marshal Lord Allenby and Lady Allenby. They are seen with Sir Charles Innes, the Governor of Burma, and Lady Innes, with whom they stayed for a fortnight during the end of January and beginning of February

Mr. L. W. Mercer, Royal Artillery, and his bride, Miss Madeleine Moran, the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. Moran. They were married at the Church of the Holy Rosary, Quetta

Mrs. Winston Churchill and Mr. Randolph Churchill arriving at the reception following the wedding of Lord Stanley of Alderley and Lady Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot. The reception was held at the Marquess of Anglesey's residence in Queen's Gate

General Sir Bindon Blood (left), who is ninety years old, arriving for His Majesty's Levee at St. James's Palace, at which he was the oldest attendant. On the right is Squadron-Leader Orlebar, R.A.F., who was in charge of our Schneider Trophy team

LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG-THOMAS AND HER BROTHER, VISCOUNT SOMERTON

at Palm Beach; and of the low cost of living at Miami, where you can live at "The Breakers" Hotel, the smartest on the coast, for eight dollars a day, compared with fifty dollars two years ago.

LONDON is certainly the gayest city in the world to-day. Paris is flat. New York is paralytic. At Miami the hotels and restaurants are dead by 9 p.m. Entertaining by Mrs. Covey, Lady Cunard, and others takes place every night. At the Dorchester the other day Mrs. Alma Spreckles, of San Francisco, and her tall daughter were the principal guests of a large party, which had previously gone en masse to *Julius Cæsar* at His Majesty's.

THE fifty odd guests sat down at six large tables. Lady Birkenhead was accompanied by her two daughters and her bachelor son, who should have been added to my list of last week. Lady Pamela Smith, who wore green for a change, was arguing with Mr. Randolph Churchill either about the sudden departure of Mr. Brendan Bracken or about his shirt front, which someone had to clean down with a piece of indiarubber.

LADY HONOR GUINNESS danced with Mr. Michael Renshaw. Mr. Edward Tatham, Mr. Bryan Guinness and his wife were there, and so were Lord and Lady Stavordale, whom you very seldom see around London nowadays. Lady Caroline Paget also put in an appearance and looked extremely demure, together with Miss "Baby" Jungmann, who seems to grow younger every year.

ERNEST TORRENCE, the film star, is arriving in London this week, but just too late for the Grand National. Lord and Lady Carnarvon, however, are back in good time for the racing this week, which reminds me that I have it on good authority that Miss Paget has now won more than £60,000 since the end of the flat-racing season.

ONE of the most intriguing facts about the Grand National, which many people will hear about over the wireless, is that Mr. R. C. Lyle, who does the commentary, is entirely colour-blind. That is to say, red, green, and certain blues all look alike

to him, though he always knows yellow. It is an extraordinary tribute to his eye for jockeys' faces and for the pattern of the colours that he never makes a mistake.

MEANTIME, the Boat Race is to be broadcast for the first time by Mr. John Snagge, the youngest announcer at Savoy Hill. He is tall, dark, and romantic-looking. But I expect he feels a bit nervous. I wonder, incidentally, whether it will be possible to tell from which University he comes by his description of the race while it is being rowed. It must be hard not to be partisan on these occasions.

SEVERAL people who have been to see the new show at the Palace have commented on the extraordinary likeness of Francis Lederer, the leading man in *The Cat and the Fiddle*, to Lord Stanley of Alderley, who not only got married last week, but made his maiden speech in the House of Lords, and wrote what, I believe, was his maiden newspaper article. *The Cat and the Fiddle* is a lot of fun, and the first night was one of the most brilliant that I remember having attended for some considerable time.

THESE "road-houses" are springing up all round London. The other night I went to the Ace of Spades on the night that the Berkeley Arms Hotel opened under Conti (late of the Café de Paris), where Jack Harris has now gone. At the Ace of Spades there were several familiar faces, including those of Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wills, and Miss Diana Beaumont, of *While Parents Sleep*,

ROYALTY COMES ABOARD

The Duchess of York visited H.M.S. York at Chatham on the ship's return from the West Indies. With her are Admiral Sir Reginald Y. Tyrwhitt (left) and Admiral C. W. Round-Turner

Left: Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon-Lennox at the Bicester and Warden Hill Point-to-Point

which was continuing its success at the Royalty Theatre last week.

THE papers are constantly full of complaints that British seaside hotels are dreary and dull at the week-ends. This charge, at any rate, cannot be

ROUND THE COURSE AT THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

THE HON. MRS. BEAUMONT NESBITT AND LADY PENRHYN ON THE COURSE

THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS (*left*) AND MRS. LESLIE

CAPT. SIR JOHN CAREW POLE, MRS. ORMROD AND LADY CAREW POLE

THE "NATIONAL" GALLERY—SOME STUDIES IN OPTIMISM FROM THE FAMOUS AINTREE COURSE

levelled against the Branksome Tower Hotel, set amid pine woods at Bournemouth, where I spent a most enjoyable week-end. On Saturday and Sunday nights there was dancing till a late hour, and the hotel, under the management of Mr. Burdet, who was so well known for many years at the Carlton Hotel, leaves nothing to be desired in its very up-to-date accommodation, its cuisine, or its amusements, for not only are there five golf courses within easy reach, but it also has its own tennis courts, and last, but not least, a very attractive young hotel hostess in Miss Eileen Lushington, whose portrait appears on page 492.

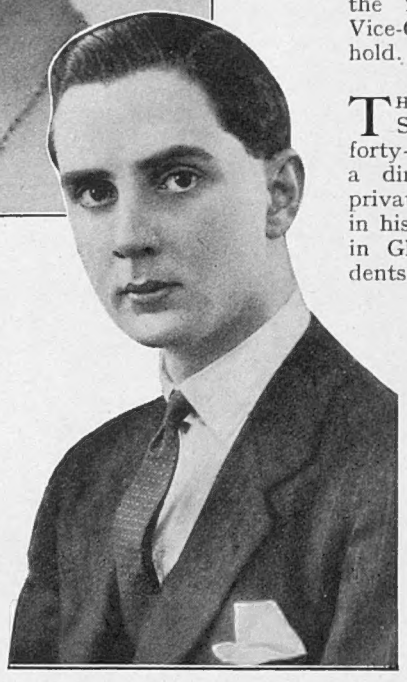
MISS CORAL PINCKARD

MISS LUSHINGTON is quite a new phenomenon in an English hotel, and I defy anyone to remain lonely under her watchful eye. If one wants a golf opponent she will find you one; a lawn tennis single, or doubles, or a game at squash, or a table of bridge, or a dance partner, or even if you want to go shopping, she is at your service. If other hotel managements in this country would send their representatives to see what is done at Branksome Tower we should hear a good deal less about people wanting to go abroad for amusements.

IT was a pity that the rain robbed last week's Levee of much of its brilliance. But even then it remained an unforgettable sight. No wonder Americans roll their tongues lovingly round the rank of Court officials like "Clerk of the Cheque and Adjutant," not to mention the Lord Steward, Master of the Horse, Gold Stick-in-Waiting, Exon-in-Waiting, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and Vice-Chamberlain of the Household.

THE Master of Saltoun, Lord Saltoun's heir, celebrated his forty-sixth birthday last week, and a dinner party, followed by a private cinema show, was given in his honour at his father's house in Gloucester Place. Other residents in this thoroughfare have not forgotten that it was largely through Lord Saltoun's efforts that the threatened invasion of shops was averted.

PETER NORTH is certainly an enterprising



THE HON. JOHN WAYLAND LESLIE

Miss Coral Pinckard, the daughter of Mr. George Pinckard, Lord of the Manor of Witley, and of Mrs. George Pinckard, and the Hon. John Wayland Leslie, whose engagement has been announced. The latter is the only brother of the Earl of Rothes

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I have nothing to add to my previous comments on the Lincoln and National. ***Diolite*** *and* ***Eldorado*** *for the flat and* ***Grakle*** *and* ***Remus*** *for the fences are reported well, and my latest information is that* ***Lady Marjorie*** *has been confidently supported.*

Gift Horse *is one of the most forward in Briscoe's stable and is expected to run at Lincoln.*

Hill Cat *has wintered well and is very sprightly. A good handicap horse up to a mile and a quarter.*

Little Flutter colt, Miss Scent colt, *and* ***Fixing colt,*** *all by Stratford, are forward two year olds in Boyd-Davies' charge.*

Game Ranger *is likely to prove an early winner for Basil Jarvis.*

Valhero, *pacemaker for Anthurium, is entered at Liverpool, and should be backed.* ***Yellow Cloud*** *has also been noted travelling well with Cottrill's team.*

Citizen *and* ***Romney*** *from O. Bell's stable should be noted.*

photographer. He jumped into the limelight with his exhibition of "well-knowns" being photographed to their favourite tune. Now he is about to show a number of sitters representing periods of the past made famous by Old Masters. Lady Douro will be seen as Memling's "Duchess of Cleves"; Lady Brougham and Vaux as an early Grecian vase (or, rather, as the painting on one); Lady Mary Lygon as a Hoppner; Lady Forres as a Fragonard; and Mark Hambourg as a Gainsborough! I hope it will be as the Blue Boy, but I doubt it.

WHAT fun it would be to photograph Lord Castlerosse as Henry VIII; Lady Castlerosse as Anne Boleyn; Mr. Richard Norton as a Guelph; Mr. Evan Morgan as a Medici; Lady Oxford and Asquith as Queen Elizabeth; Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton as a slave; Miss Margaret Whigham as Cleopatra; and Lord Warwick as Antony!

The Earl of Warwick and Miss Margaret Wigham, whose engagement was recently announced, seen on their return to London last week. They became engaged whilst they were members of the same party touring Egypt

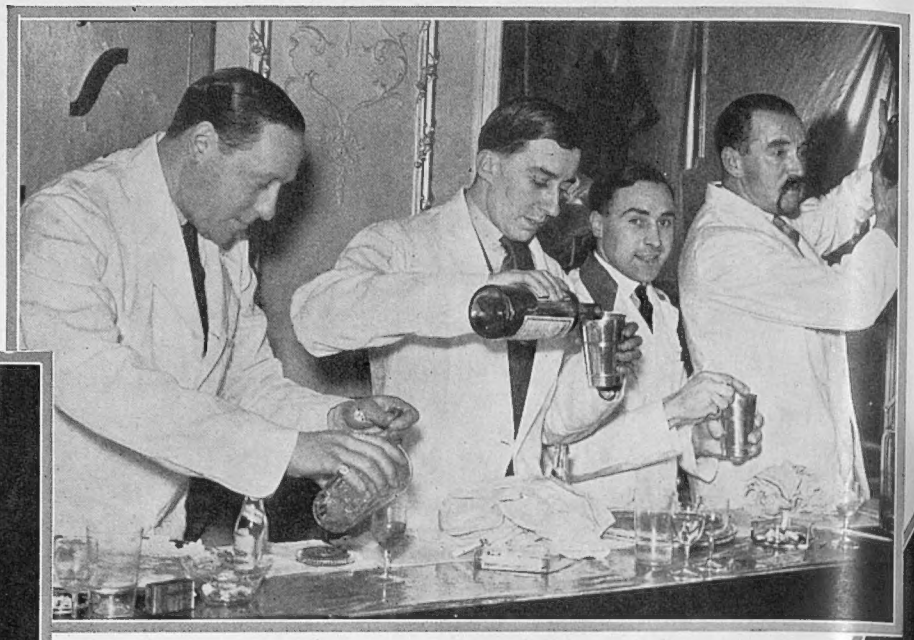
A SCOTTISH WEDDING

Mr. R. B. Tennant, the well-known big game hunter, and his bride, Miss Nan Borland, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Borland, of Kincardine Castle, Auchterarder, Perthshire, with the best man, Mr. John Dess, and the bridesmaids, who included the Misses Cayzer, Ashcroft, Thomson and Kathleen Tennant. The marriage took place in Glendevon Church, the smallest parish church in Scotland

ON the night of her return, Miss Whigham was at the Embassy Club with her fiancé. But there was no large party. They dined tête-à-tête, though every minute some couple like Mr. Clarence Moore and Miss Averil Streatfeild, or Mr. Quinny Gilbey and Mrs. Drury-Lowe (one sees her everywhere), or Mr. Weldon and Lady Bridget Poulett, would go over and talk to them.

A FEW minutes later Miss Whigham came over to the table at which I was sitting and told us that she had become engaged at Assuan, and that the wedding would be in June. Long engagements certainly seem to be becoming more and more things of the Edwardian—to say nothing of the Victorian—past. Whatever the aged wiseacres may say about the dangers of marrying in haste, the new method certainly seems to work very well.

LORD WARWICK, one noticed, dances very well, though under his fiancée's tuition he will probably learn to dance better still. He was certainly the best-looking man in the room. Other guests that night whose faces have been absent for some time from England were Lord and Lady Blandford. The Duke of Marlborough, who rather fancies himself as a dancer, was also there. Nor would the list be complete without Lord and Lady Plunket, who have just come back from Madeira with an enviable sunburn, and Prince Lennart of Sweden and his rather defensive-looking fiancée, as she was at that time.



FOR GOODNESS, SHAKE!

The Golden Bar at Mrs. Madge Le Gros's and Mrs. Miller's Cocktail Party and Fashion Parade. The professional barman, second from the right, is being ably assisted by Mr. Nick Princep (left), the Marquess of Donegall, and Mr. Guy Puckle

COCKTAIL TIME

Mr. Quinny Gilbey, Capt. Tattersall, and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe at the Cocktail Party and Fashion Parade, given recently by Mrs. Madge Le Gros and Mrs. Miller. It was held at 60, South Molton Street

THE following evening he gave a stag-party at Quaglino's. Prince Lennart, except for his spectacles, is rather like a Cambridge undergraduate. He seems to enjoy life in an unsophisticated, cheerful sort of way. It is

Cocktails for three. Miss Vincent, Mrs. Peggy Gordon-Fenwick, and Mrs. Vivian Simon discussing cocktails and fashions at the party given by Mrs. Madge Le Gros and Mrs. Miller at 60, South Molton Street last week

Four more of the guests at the recent Cocktail Party and Fashion seen the Misses Baba and Nancy Beaton, Mrs.

Photographs

hard to believe that the Grand Duke Dmitri, that prince of sophisticates, is actually his uncle on his mother's side.

QUAGLINO'S was also the scene last week of the eve-of-the-wedding party given by Lady Carlisle for the Ruthven Twin, who is now Mrs. Peter Davies. Until now it has been possible to distinguish the sisters by the existence of only one wedding ring between the two of them. Now that they have identical rings it will be once again almost impossible to tell them apart.

THE secret of the reason for the C. B. Cochran luncheon was very well kept—unusually well kept when you consider how many leakages there are nowadays. For twenty minutes C. B. Cochran kept his brilliant audience—which included anyone from Most Noble Marquesses to Right Honourable Viscounts and most brilliant actresses—on tenterhooks. Dramatic critics thought that it was, maybe, an advance announcement about *The Miracle*. Architects thought it might be a story about turning St. George's Hospital into a theatre. Nobody was able to guess the real reason.

FINALLY it emerged. A famous firm of wineshippers have baptised their latest blend of sherry with the name of C. B. Cochran. Brilliantly as the latter spoke, there was a distinct drop in the atmosphere until A. P. Herbert arose and made a wonderfully witty speech. In the course of it he said that he had been a journalist for twenty years before Lord Castlerosse had even tried to become one. This, coupled with a loving cup drawn by the fair hands of Lady Diana Cooper, raised the spirits of everyone to a level that even a subsequent speech could not lower. Cochran had done it again.

The Duke of Abercorn, the Governor of Northern Ireland, greeting officers of the different Services at the opening of the Northern Parliament On the extreme right is Colonel Sir Charles Wickham, the Police Chief

STESSES

Mrs. Miller welcoming the guests to their ktail Party and Fashion Parade last week

Miss Eve Grey and Miss Margaret Bannerman caught by the photographer on their arrival at the Cocktail Party and Fashion Parade at South Molton Street

nde at 60, South Molton Street. From left to right are art Brown, and Flying-Officer Reginald Beaton

Sasha

AMONG those who have returned in the past few days to London are Sir William Jowett, very sunburnt from the West Indies, Lord Trevethin, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday in the Laconia, Lord and Lady Sligo, and Sir Edmund Stonehouse. It is extraordinary how things have changed since they went away a few weeks ago. Since then the gold rush has taken place, the pound has shot up, and now even the moral ban on foreign travel has been raised.

THERE are still a few weeks before the official opening of the Season, and the Easter cruises to the Mediterranean organised by the various shipping companies will all be heavily booked. Among the people who are off on a cruise to the Mediterranean are Sir Julian Cahn, the stand-by of so many charity ball committees, Sir Archibald Ritchie, and Sir Rhys and Lady Price.

LAST week I said that *While Parents Sleep* was being transferred from the Royalty to the Phœnix Theatre, but I now learn that my informant was in error, and that the high jinks which take place when parents sleep will be continued at the Royalty till further notice, and that such big business is being done at the present time that the "notice" looks as if it would only be posted in the dim and distant future. Despite the fact that certain plays have been produced only to disappear, the theatres cannot complain of lack of custom, and they are likely to do better still now that business is on the mend.

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

Dorothy Wilding

MRS EDWARD E. DE WINTON WILLS

She is very keen on motor boat racing and keeps a very speedy craft, the Silver Star, on the Riviera. She recently organised a most entertaining treasure hunt which was a feature of the entertaining "tripe, onions and beer" party given a little time ago by her friend Miss Celia Palmer

MR. AND MRS. DRURY-LOWE are one of the best-looking couples in Mayfair. As Rosemary Hope-Vere the latter was the most attractive debutante of her season, and her husband was considered the most handsome officer in the Brigade of Guards. Their small baby has so far not decided whether to follow father or mother in the way of looks.

MRS. CARTER-CAMPBELL is paying a short visit to London; she loves Paris and the South, and so spends most of her time abroad. She is one of the most distinctive personalities wherever she goes, and has a flair for chic and unusual clothes. She wears her hair quite straight except for a single roll in the nape of her neck, and her face is very white, like a lovely gardenia.

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM is one of the most radiantly happy-looking engageds I have seen for some time, literally dancing with happiness. I think Wanda Holden, now Mrs. Charles Baillie Hamilton, looked nearly as gorgeous, and so did Lady Veronica Hornby. Miss Pat Richards seemed quite calm outwardly.

WHY is a certain fair and talked-of-as-a-beauty debutante so catty? It is such a pity. There are just as good fish in the sea——

LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN'S stolen pearl necklace is a very fine one, quite perfect and very large. Lady Curzon of Kedleston has one about the same size. Mrs. MacNaghten has two or three very wonderful large-sized necklaces, and, of course, we all know Lady Cunard's. There is always a mystery and speculation about the Michelham pearls—supposedly two yards of them all the size of marbles.

Bertram Park

THE HON. MILLICENT JOAN MARJORIBANKS

A new photograph of the charming younger daughter of Lord and Lady Tweedmouth. Her father, who served in the South African and Great Wars, is a Lieut.-Colonel (retired) in the Royal Horse Guards

MR. JOCK LESLIE, who is engaged to Miss Coral Pinckard, is a tall, very serious-looking young man, as befits someone who works at Egyptology in the British Museum. He speaks little, but seems to enjoy listening to his fiancée, who, by the way, is a darling, so pretty, gay, and young. I hope she will cheer him up

I THINK that Mrs. Richard Norton has the most lovely eyes in the world—enormous, wonderfully lashed, and full of expression. I never cared for the Marquise de Casa Maury's eyes, in spite of the enthusiasm of most people about them. Lady Louis Mountbatten's are, of course, famous, and so are Evelyn Laye's, but none have ever equalled Lady Diana Cooper's.

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT has such a charming, "open" face. I mean, she gives you at once the impression of being truthful, straightforward, and always trustworthy—a compliment which I can pay very few women. Lady Coventry has rather the same look.

WHY has a well-known amateur golfer got a broken heart? And can a tall, dark, beautiful, very thin girl do anything to mend it?

LADY STAVORDALE has an entrancing smile; she is so attractive, but her smile is fascinating. Miss Winifred Shotter has a famous shy smile. Mrs. Roy Royston makes you smile back at her. Lady Alington's makes you want to see it again—at once.

THE former Miss Nissvandt will have to take lessons from our very smart young Embassy women and get her clothes in London. As a married woman and a Princess she must get that chic, polished look. At the moment her dresses are pretty but very young, without much line.

MUST a young and pretty married tell quite such risqué stories at the top of her voice? Her husband encourages her, but she is too pretty to spoil herself

LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON has that brown-gold hair and bright complexion which is even more typically English than the stereotyped blonde. She has a strong family likeness, too, but all the Bowes-Lyons have that, including, of course, her cousin, the Duchess of York. Lady Malcolm has a baby daughter.

HOW smart Miss Priscilla Weigall looks racing, so neat and sensibly dressed in her Jaeger coat and high boots, and, of course, the fashionable spotted scarf. I don't like fur coats much on a racecourse, unless they are of coarse fur. A smart fur looks definitely out of place.

THE Duchess of York's favourite colour, like the Queen's, is blue, but I think the Princess Royal prefers pink. Lady Carisbrooke loves a rather rich brown which suits her very well, and Princess "Pat" deep, warm colours.

MY prize this week goes to Miss Unity Valkyrie Mitford—a lovely debutante of this year, and of whom you are going to hear a good deal more. Mark my words!

CLOTHES AND THE FILM WOMAN

BRUNETTES, A BLONDE, AND A DIVERSITY OF DRESS

KAREN MORLEY

Who stars with John and Lionel Barrymore in "Arsène Lupin," in a dress of the "what-was-there-was-good" type. The dress problem is a most important one for film producers, for, as most pictures are made a considerable time before they are generally released, feminine fashions have to be anticipated rather than followed

BARBARA WEEKS

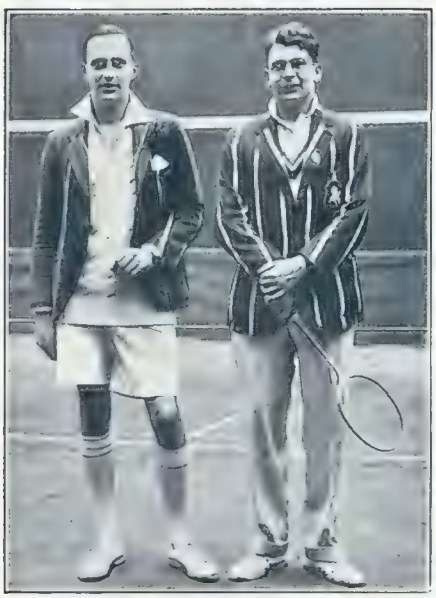
Who is a tower of strength in "Palmy Days," the successful Eddie Cantor talkie comedy. She is wearing a costume designed by Chanel, who is under contract to Samuel Goldwyn

JOAN BENNETT

One of the blondest of blonde film stars, wearing a sports costume of carefully studied simplicity. One of the most talented of the Young Brigade at Hollywood, she is the sister of Constance Bennett, who is the most highly paid of all the stars

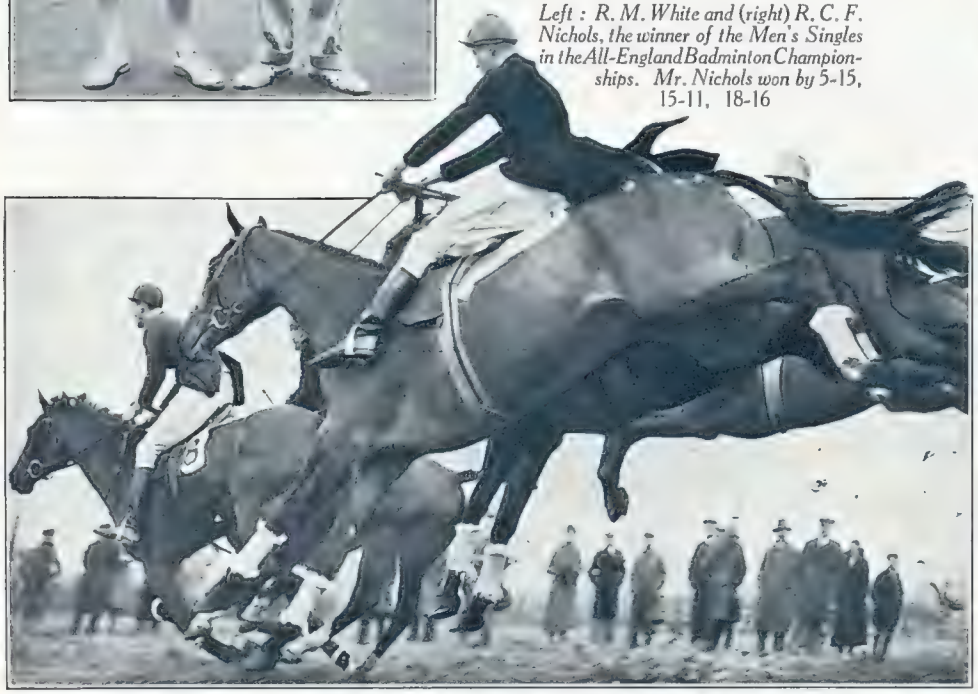
The English hockey team which opposed Wales in the recent International match played at Gobowen, in Shropshire. England won quite comfortably by seven goals to two

The finalists in the Ladies' Singles of the All-England Badminton Championships at the Royal Horticultural Hall. They are Miss A. Woodroffe (left) and Miss L. M. Kingsbury, the winner, the final score being 11-4, 5-11, 11-2 in the latter's favour



Left : R. M. White and (right) R. C. F. Nichols, the winner of the Men's Singles in the All-England Badminton Championships. Mr. Nichols won by 5-15, 15-11, 18-16

Below : Miss Diana Bell with her horse, Rattles, on which she won the Ladies' Race at the recent Sparkford Vale Harriers' Point-to-Point at Babcary. She is the daughter of Mr. I. Bell, the Master of the South and West Wilts Foxhounds



Taking one of the jumps during the running of the Members' Light Weight Race at the recent Bicester and Warden Hill Point-to-Point. Nearest the camera is seen Viscount Somerton on his mount, Lumber Love

Oxford University attacking the Hampstead go... Lacrosse final at New Beckenham recently. Oxfo... by 8 goa...

A SPORTMANTEAU

BAGGED IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Below : J. St. L. Thornton (Charterhouse and Pembroke), who was the Cambridge first string in the 220 yards Low Hurdles at the Varsity Sports

the Southern Senior Flag holders, won an exciting game 6

Three of the team which represented Cambridge in the Varsity Sports held at the White City last Saturday practising starts on the new track there. They are, from left to right, A. Munro, E. J. Davis, and J. D. Wade

Exclusive photograph by *Mannell*

ELIZABETH ALLAN

Who is playing in "The Iron Woman" at the Duke of York's Theatre, is also one of our cleverest young film stars, who has proved her talent in such talkies as "The Chinese Puzzle," "Black Coffee," "Michael and Mary," and "Service for Ladies." Her engagement was recently announced to her manager, Mr. W. J. O'Bryen

If Gossip

"WHEN they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." From all quarters, with one expected exception, comes the news that England is bounding along to prosperity again, that all is right, or very nearly right, with us, and that we are, to all intents and purposes, on the edge of the millennium. If anything can be achieved by a whole nation, traditionally stolid but actually sentimental to a degree, Coué-ing hard, the money is as good as in the bank. Certain it is that more capital is available for first-class investments now than there has been for many years past (again we read that blessed word, over-subscription), and that unemployment is decreasing. So much for the jeremiads of the Cobdenites, who declared that the moment Protection became an accomplished fact we should experience a worse depression than there has ever been, and that millionaires would beg for crusts of stale bread.

WITH all these signs of prosperity it is obviously only just to restore the wage "cuts" which were made at a time when necessity called for them. At that time, also, let it be remembered, an extra dollop was clapped on to the already excessively large income-tax. "Equality of Sacrifice" was promptly quoted with the sarcastic snarl which is the favourite form of the Socialistic obbligato; for it is convenient for a certain political school to imagine that anyone who pays income-tax should go on paying more and more income-tax—and pay nineteen and elevenpence three-farthings in the pound rather than that the non-taxpayer should be affected. But if wage-cuts are to go, income-tax must be reduced. Even at its reduced figure the sacrifice it entails would bear no relation to equality.

BUT is anything being done publicly to celebrate the better times which we are told have arrived? I do not suggest that there should be a hullabaloo in the streets and a sort of Lord Mayor's Show every day for a month.

JOURNEYS END

The final scene of "The Cat and garden café in Brussels. A to the young composer (Fra reconciled to the young Ameri whom he loves, but w

THE WAITING GAME *Console*

A scene from the first act of the delightful new musical play, "The Cat and the Fiddle," at the Palace. Peggy Wood, as a young American student newly arrived in Brussels, falls in love at first sight with a young composer (Francis Lederer)

we must

Heaven forbid! Yet so extraordinary are we, and so fantastic the tyranny of the minority to which we are content to submit ourselves, that with the break in the clouds of industrial depression has come a fresh effort to depress us socially. So far from there being any relaxing of the restrictions against the idiocy of which I make no apology for protesting week after week, they are being tightened up.

Console

LOVERS' MEETINGS

ddle," which takes place in a lysia (centre), as a friend in need derer), is urging him to become (Peggy Wood), seen on the left, om he has quarrelled

Walter Bird

CONSTANCE CARPENTER

One of the principals in the new Ben Travers farce, "Dirty Work," at the Aldwych Theatre, which is adding materially to the gaiety of nations. She was the principal girl in the Lyceum pantomime which finished a successful run about a fortnight ago

BRIGHTON, for instance, in spite of George IV and Harry Preston, is told that it must go to bed earlier and have fewer opportunities for enjoying a drink on licensed premises. Permission for a mild reshuffling of hours has been refused. Eastbourne, only a few days ago, wanted to extend its licensing hours—oh, the wicked horror of it!—from 10 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. in the summer time. The application was refused, among the opponents being (I quote from the report in a daily paper) "the Chief Constable and a number of clergy." The same tale might be told all round the coast, since coast towns, trying to lay themselves out to attract visitors, are the first to have any attempts at freedom jumped upon by the bigots. But the nonsense spreads inland as well, for the Reigate magistrates have just refused a request to alter the Sunday hours from 6-9 p.m. to 7-10 p.m., and the Chatham magistrates have been equally adamant.

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE!

An accidental double exposure which suggests that hope should always spring eternal in the breast of every true angler. The photograph was taken at Port Dover, in Ontario

THINK of it! A small minority of prejudiced and fanatical nincompoops holding a theory, in 1932, that decent, hard-working, taxpaying adults must not buy a glass of beer or a whisky and soda! It is, unfortunately, not merely a question of holding such a theory, but of being able to put it into practice. Almost invariably is it "a number of clergy" who are the stumbling-blocks in the way of ordinary reasonable liberty. What has it to do with the clergy,

BEAUTY TRIUMPHANT

Miss Lola Kemp (right), who was elected by popular vote to be the most beautiful mannequin in the recent competition at Ciro's. She is seen being congratulated by the runner-up, Miss Lola de Ste. Croix

THE whole constitution of the magisterial benches throughout the country must be altered, and at once. Too much liberty is given to local cadis and not enough to those over whom they are enabled to reign. Let them continue "truly and indifferently to administer justice" (usually very indifferently) to those who hit people or get drunk, or steal or behave in an unprintably disgusting fashion. But they must not be allowed to say when a man or a woman may buy a drink. Such regulations—and as few of them as possible—must be issued from some central authority, and the greatest pressure must be brought to bear to see that England is given no less freedom in these anyway? The layman does not get his friends together and declare that clergymen must not wear a surplice before 6 p.m., and that choirboys must not sing more than three hymns after 11 a.m. So why do the clergy—both of the Established Church and of the dissenting chapels (the latter being by far the worst offenders) take upon themselves to poke their silly noses into the everyday ritual of folk who fasten their collars at the front and not at the back? I challenge any cleric, whether from a cathedral or from a Little Bethel in a back street, to show any authority, apostolic or Biblical, for his interference in the normal habits of the community at large. I sometimes think the community is so simple-minded for putting up with such tyranny that it ought not to be at large at all.

A SONNET OF MORAL UPLIFT

Following the strong comments of the Censor of Films on the tendency of the new talkies to turn to Sex and Crime for its themes, the Birmingham authorities started an intensive drive to "clean-up" the films shown in their salubrious city.

O PURITY, shine o'er the Silver Screen
And frown on vulgar themes of Sex and Crimes.
Till all our films are based on Nursery Rhymes,
And Bankhead sheds her purest rays serene
As no one wilder than a Fairy Queen,
Whilst Adolphe Menjou to new triumphs climbs
As some dear grand-dad who distributes dimes,
And Wallace Beery as "Boy Blue" is seen.

Though Gordon Harker doubtless looks so sweet
As young Lord Fauntleroy in velvet knickers
That such a sight could not arouse one bleat
Of protest from the most austere of vicars,
When it's not meet and right to serve "strong meat"
I'll feast my eyes elsewhere than at the "flickers!"

B. W.

INSTRUCTION ON TAP

Alexandra Danilova, the première danseuse in that extraordinarily successful musical play, "Waltzes from Vienna," at the Alhambra, receiving a lesson in tap-dancing. Her instructor, Terry Rendall, is another member of the Alhambra company

Walter Bird

EILEEN LUSHINGTON

She is the official hostess at that popular Hampshire resort, the Branksome Tower Hotel at Bournemouth

A MOVING SUBJECT By STARR WOOD

"Have you any books on active church work?"

"Well, there's this. It's about a clergyman who gets seven years for bigamy, escapes from gaol and marries again!"

Sir Walter Gilbey, whose criticisms of the sartorial shortcomings of riders in Hyde Park have created so much interest, with the two children he selected as being the most suitably dressed at the National Pony Society's Show at the Agricultural Hall. They are Miss Jill Herman-Erriman and Master Gerald Doyer-Smith

PEARLY AND EPSOM

Bert, the racing tipster (Leslie French), and Rose, the barmaid (Tessa Deane), en route for the Derby in a scene from "Derby Day" at the Lyric Theatre Hammersmith

By Frank Ford

THIS SHOW BUSINESS!

"No, no, no! Far too jerky! Here, let *me* show you!"

selves in their peculiarly nasty way. If the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, who flourishes exceedingly in Brighton, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, etc., must tyrannise, let him tyrannise over his own family, Heaven help them! and not over a whole town composed, by a vast majority of better folk than he is, Gunga Din.

I AM glad to hear that the police are showing signs of becoming less meticulous in the matter of petty prosecutions for trivial motoring offences and the like. But in some cases the harm has been done. Not long ago entrance was obtained by a trick to a perfectly respectable club of mixed membership which had not blotted its copy-book in any way. The two policemen, whose evening-dress could not disguise their occupation, noted that, although it was legal for drinks to be served with supper, a girl went over to a supper table and drank some champagne without actually feeding. There came also under their scrutiny two members who ordered whisky and soda and sandwiches, but who sipped at the whisky before the sandwiches were put on the table. For this the club is to be prosecuted, and, whatever the outcome, harm is done, since many members resign at once from any club, or cease to patronise it, which has been mixed up in anything of the nature of a raid. Most of them are distinguished people, and one can understand their timidity in such circumstances. So the proprietress, a woman of the highest standing, is faced with ruin, even if no offence is registered against her. Such tyranny, perhaps necessary in wartime, should not be looked upon with favour by the authorities—as it appears to be—nearly fourteen years afterwards.

matters than that enjoyed as a matter of course on the Continent. Why there has not been really strenuous agitation, why this has not been a plank in a political platform, why the big guns of the daily Press are not discharged daily instead of only occasionally, I cannot imagine.

THE business aspect should not be neglected. Money spent on pier pavilions, monster concert-halls, marine parades, bathing Lidos, and so forth—and millions have been poured out at English seaside towns for these purposes—might just as well be dropped into the sea if magistrates are going to continue to exert their paralysing influence, and if the unco guids, who are utter humbugs and are prompted only by a strange mixture of hypocrisy and sadism, are to be allowed to enjoy them-

OUR "ENGAGEMENT" LIST

In the Spring-time, the merry, merry ring-time,
Dan Cupid's busy working day and night,
And we show for your inspection a delectable selection
Of the victims of the young Toxophilite.

Bertram Park

Above: Miss Jocelyn Tucker, the only daughter of the Rev. J. Saville Tucker and of Mrs. Tucker, who is engaged to Mr. Godfrey C. H. Wykeham, 43rd Light Infantry. Her father was formerly Headmaster of Trent College for over thirty years

Lenare

Above: Miss Muriel Emily Cochrane, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Cecil Madden, the playwright son of the late Mr. A. MacLean Madden, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Madden. She is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. James K. Cochrane, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Cochrane

Right: Miss Ann Collins, the only daughter of Colonel W. F. Collins, D.S.O., and of Lady Evelyn Collins, the younger sister of the Duke of Roxburghe. Her fiancé, Mr. Frederick Arthur Stanley, is the eldest son of Brig.-General the Hon. Ferdinand Stanley, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Stanley

Lenare

Pearl Freeman

Below: Miss Jean Mary Pitcairn, who is to marry Mr. Rupert Lionel Preston, Coldstream Guards, the only son of Vice-Admiral L. C. Preston, C.B., and of Mrs. Preston. She is the only child of the late Mr. F. B. Pitcairn and of Mrs. Pitcairn.

Lenare

Below: Miss Eugenie Cecilia Fielden, the youngest daughter of Major Granville Fielden, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Fielden. She is engaged to Mr. Robin Einen Hickson, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, the eldest surviving son of Brig.-General S. A. Einen Hickson, C.B., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Hickson

Pearl Freeman

Above: Miss Joan Pendril Charles, who is engaged to Lieutenant M. S. Townsend, R.N., the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Townsend and Mrs. Townsend

Pearl Freeman

Above: Miss Hermione Vivian, whose wedding to Capt. John Inglis-Jones, Grenadier Guards, takes place this month. She is the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel H. Vivian, C.M.G., and of Lady Aline Vivian and a niece of the Earl of Portarlington.

Howard Marshall *writes a* "RUGGER" RETROSPECT

THE Rugby football season is nearly over now, and that is a melancholy thought. There is the greatest match of the year to come, it is true—the Calcutta Cup match between England and Scotland at Twickenham on Saturday—and the Army have to play the Air Force in the Services Tournament; but after that follow the Easter tours and the farewells until next September.

THIS, I feel, is an appropriate time for retrospection, though I doubt whether we shall learn very much from a survey of the season that is past. The Springboks taught us one or two lessons in scrummaging and combination, but have we learnt a great deal in other ways? Have we discovered, for example, the probable successors to such players as W. W. Wakefield, W. J. A. Davies, C. A. Kershaw, and E. Myers?

I DOUBT it, and, to my mind, the odd thing about it all is that the only player behind the scrummage during the last two years who has shown signs of genius cannot be found a place in the English team. This is A. C. Harrison, the Hartlepool Rovers wing three-quarter, a great little runner, who reminds us of C. N. Lowe. He is extraordinarily quick and nimble; he can swerve off either foot, and his tackling is immense. If ever there was a three-quarter who deserved encouragement, it was Harrison, and I hope we may find him playing for England again next year.

THIS is no criticism of the English selectors, who have had a most unenviable task. They left Harrison out to make way for C. D. Aarvold as captain of the team, and there they were justified. They were justified also in their other selections behind the scrummage, though they cannot be altogether happy about the English attack.

D. W. BURLAND is a fine, robust centre, and G. V. Gerrard shows promise, though he is still rather crude; but where are our Corbetts and our Lockes? B. C. Gadney is a sound, slogging scrum-half, and W. H. Elliot at stand-off half is unostentatiously efficient; but how do these two compare with Davies and Kershaw, or A. T. Young and H. J. Kittermaster? Perhaps we may take comfort here from the fact that W. H. Sobey, the best of our scrum-halves, has been kept out of action by injury, while in C. Slow, of Northampton, we have a stand-off half who may develop into a great player.

I SHALL never forget Slow's performance when the East Midlands beat the Springboks. It was his first big match, and yet he played like a veteran, with calm and easy assurance. Many people who saw him that day assumed that his form was a flash in the pan, but I believe we shall hear of him again—that is to say, if he is fortunate enough to play behind forwards who work sufficiently hard to give him a chance; and now we come to the crux of the matter. We cannot expect brilliant attack while the standard of forward play throughout the country is deplorably low, and it is so low at present that the selectors have been unable to find eight forwards who understand the true principles of scrummaging.

THERE are plenty of specialists about, plenty of the "scraping brigade," as Arthur Budd contemptuously called them—men who stand on one foot to hook, or lean up against the back row as a preliminary to quick breaking and spoiling.

UNFORTUNATELY, there do not appear to be three outstanding front-row forwards who will lock and pack low and work with all their might to secure the essential first shove, nor are there three back-row men who will keep their heads down and push consistently until the ball has left the scrummage.

IT would perhaps be foolish to make too much of this, but it is the one lesson of the season which we shall have to take to heart. The selectors know it; so do some of the more senior members of the Rugby Union, and this time the older generation is right. Mr. Walter Pearce, the Rugby Union president, has repeatedly given public utterance to his perturbation. There is too much specialisation, says Mr. Pearce, and too little hard, vigorous play. The rules are neglected, complains Mr. Pearce, and insufficient thought is given to the bedrock principles of the game.

WELL, I think there are few close observers of modern Rugby football who would choose to differ from Mr. Pearce. We are at a parting of the ways. The game will easily deteriorate if we lose sight of its finest qualities, and, to my mind, some of those qualities were to be found in honest, solid scrummaging.

A Bath forward being brought down by a Bristol opponent before he can get the ball away. An incident in the recent match played on the Bath Recreation Ground, when the home side won by 11 points to 6

PERHAPS I sound unduly pessimistic, and I should like to end more hopefully. This I can do logically, for I am convinced that we have learnt our lesson and that next season we shall begin to benefit by it. Some of our young forwards, like N. L. Evans and A. Vaughan-Jones, will prove that they have the right international stuff in them, and England will be herself again.

A GREAT deal naturally depends upon leadership, and here is another curious point. Players with personality become increasingly rare, though why this should be I cannot say. Against South Africa, Wales, and Ireland, England suffered for lack of a forward leader, and we shall watch B. H. Black rather anxiously in the Calcutta Cup match. Black certainly whipped his men together excellently in the recent Trial game, and if only he can repeat the performance on Saturday we may rest easy. Failing him, it is difficult to see where we are to look for a leader next season, and that is another problem for the selectors.

The Army kicks clear. An exciting moment in the Inter-Services match between the Royal Navy and the Army at Twickenham, when the Senior Service lost by 11 points to nil

Victor Florescu (Francis Lederer), a composer, is seen seated at a very grand piano. He has written an operetta a hack writer of dialogue, and Clement Daudet (Austin Trevor), manager of the syndicate. They consider the mu the operetta, wh

MELODY, MEDIAEVALISM

SKETCHES OF "THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

I DO not pretend to be a musical play enthusiast. Indeed, I will be so indiscreet as to admit that the ordinary type of musical comedy leaves me cold, for as often as not the book is such a witless and commonplace effort that it is painful to listen to. But just lately certain plays with music have got out of the rut, and the latest which has been produced, *The Cat and the Fiddle* at the Palace Theatre, labelled as a musical love story, is distinctly original—and entertaining.

THE plot itself is nothing new. A misunderstanding between the hero and heroine can hardly be called original—but what is really the cause of the trouble possesses originality. He has composed an operetta on distinctly classical lines, while she has written some syncopated stuff which the manager wishes to interpolate in the score, and I know nothing more likely to estrange a musical pair than that!

THIS motive gives Jerome Kern, who has composed the music for *The Cat and the Fiddle*, a chance of showing what he can do in both forms of music, and he has succeeded to perfection. I am sure that his score will be exceedingly popular, and it deserves to be, for it possesses life, animation and melody, and what more can one want than that?

WEDDED to the score is about the best book which has ever come from America. Otto Harbach does not, as many Americans do, rely entirely upon wise-cracks. On occasions the lines are genuinely witty, and he has also had the sense to see that character is important even in musical plays, which adds greatly to the interest. Author and composer share the honours with William Mollison, who has produced brilliantly.

THE universe has been ransacked for an international cast, but the quiet humour is left in the hands of Englishmen. Morton Selten is funnier than ever, and as time passes seems to get more and more expression out of his fish-like eye. Martin Walker is genuinely amusing as a stolid Englishman, and his scene with Alice Delysia—effective as a good-hearted actress—in a limousine is a gem of comedy. Austin Trevor, who appears able to play any sort of part, is as French as Martin Walker is English, while Gina Malo is that great rarity—an actress who can dance well, or should I say a first-rate dancer who can act?

FRANCIS LEDERER plays the hero, and gives that touch of genuine seriousness to the story which is so necessary. His acting is on a higher plane than is usually found in musical comedy, and I infinitely preferred his performance here than when attempting to pluck a somewhat mature crocus in the Tyrolean Alps. The one disappointment for me was Peggy Wood as the heroine. Her voice did not seem to suit the score, and, sitting far back as I was, I failed to catch many of her remarks.

INCIDENTALLY, I may remark that there was a Frenchman sitting at the back of me who kept translating all the jokes to

Daudet finds means to put the pep into the operetta when he discovers a musical family. The two on the left are Alexander Sheridan (Fred Conyngham), and Angie Sheri numbers into his classical operetta. Is it necessary to add that Shirley is in love with Victor and Victor with Shi

sical lines and is playing some of the score to Major Sir George Chatterley (Martin Walker), a member of a syndicate of producers, Chester Biddlesby (Morton Selten), y beautiful, but Daudet feels that it is too sad and deficient in pep. On the extreme left is Alice (Alice Delysia), an actress engaged to take a principal part in she plays the violin, has obviously more than one string to her bow

AND MIRTH — By Vernon Woodhouse

a compatriot not so conversant with our language. I admired his ingenuity which, however, was not proof against one joke which mixed up evesdropping and eves dripping. This, to my regret, he passed over in silence.

"Punchinello," at the Globe

IT is not often that a play which was, on its first production, the floppiest of flops is given another chance. I saw the first version of *Punchinello* at the Globe, but before there was time to publish what I wrote about it the play was withdrawn. I have now seen Version No. 2, and can truthfully say that it is an enormous improvement on the first, both as regards reconstruction and acting.

THIS story of a man with a glib tongue who became a strolling player and so rises in the world that he entertains Philip of Spain and eventually is the kept man of the King's mistress, possesses scenes of great merit. Where its chief fault still lies is in that it is written on two planes. The Court scenes on the plane of Royalty are excellent in every way, but the strolling player scenes on the plane of the plebs. do not seem to "join" with the others. Intentionally they are drab, and I, personally, always longed to return quickly to the glitter of the Court, especially as one of the strolling player scenes played in an attic strikes me as redundant.

WHEN the actor is brought before the Inquisition to answer for the crime of murdering a former mistress and their child, my interest was again aroused, even though the drama here could have been made far more effective had the actor been allowed to put up a better fight. His glib tongue had brought him prosperity. Could it not have been better employed when fighting for freedom? Incidentally, is not the author, Mr. Hastings Turner, historically at fault in making the prisoner tried by the Inquisition? I was under the impression that murder was dealt with by more civil authorities, and that only heresy was within the province of the Inquisition.

GEORGE HAYES now plays Punchinello with the power and gusto which is required. Joyce Bland, another newcomer, makes his cast-off most sympathetic, while among those who appeared in the original production, George Curzon and Allan Jeayes repeat clever character studies, while Laura Cowie, as the King's mistress, acts with such supreme intelligence and looks so supremely beautiful that I regret the more her rare presence on the stage.

"Dirty Work," at the Aldwych

THIS farce, where the action mostly passes in a West End shop selling a mixture of jewellery, handbags, and whatnots which is temptation for a couple of crooks, who left a ring and plan a burglary there, combined with a variety of love interests in which proprietor and assistants participate, are the ingredients which Mr. Ben Travers has mixed to cause laughter at the Aldwych.

THOUGH not the funniest he has written for the Aldwych company, it has been made to measure, and as most of the old favourites here are fitted, it will serve its purpose well. Ralph Lynn, once again is the silly ass with the eyeglass, who, this time as a shopwalker, gets into difficulties. Mary Brough, once again in a typical Mary Brough part, has only to open her mouth to get a laugh, and Robertson Hare gives us yet one more picture of middle-class, suburban stolidity which is so funny for the reason that the type he represents is absolutely destitute of humour.

IN the regretted absence of Tom Walls, the chief villain in this farce of crooks is excellently played on straight lines by Henry Hewett, while another newcomer, Constance Carpenter, will do even better when she further assimilates the Aldwych atmosphere. V. W.

ina Malo), who dance to the music of Shirley Sheridan (Peggy Wood), who is seen in a piano fight with Victor Florescu (Francis Lederer), where she is putting syncopated d that the difference in their compositions is one of the causes which keeps them apart until the fall of the curtain?

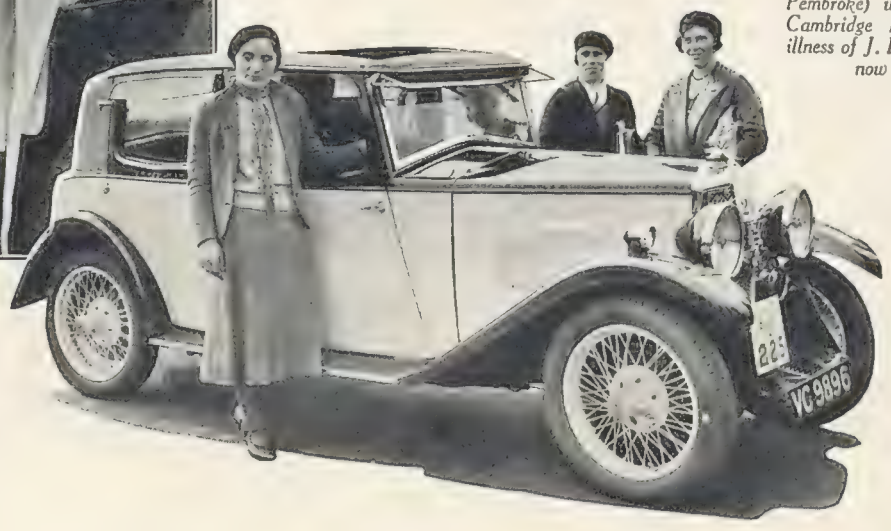
THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED

J. C. Lowry, who represented Oxford in the High Jump at the Varsity Sports at the White City last week, wanted a close view of the turf. And this is how he got it!

Miss Betty White wanted her mount, Mr. William Benson's Dorrit, to win an award at the National Pony and Arab Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall. Her wish was granted—twice over!

Above: Miss Anne Jephson, Lady Janet Montgomerie, Miss Anne Meade and Mrs. Lambton all wanted a good view of the racing at the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point meeting near Somerton. Thanks to a handy dickey-seat, they got it

Above: L. Luxton (Melbourne and Pembroke) wanted a place in the Cambridge Boat. Owing to the illness of J. F. R. Best he got it and now strokes the crew



Left: Mrs. M. M. Riley (left) and her crew, who wanted a prize in the R.A.C. 1,000 Miles Rally and had their wish granted. They got the Ladies' First Prize in Class II

BY NICK

"SPRING!"

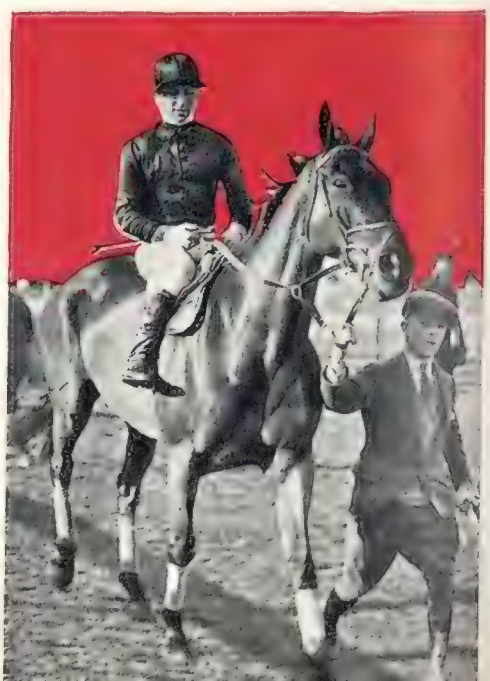
A view of Becher's Brook, the most formidable of all of Aintree's great jumps and the obstacle that blasts the hopes of many riders and owners—to say nothing of punters. Last year's field is seen taking the jump

MR. A. E. BERRY'S REMUS
(Escott up)

MR. V. HUGH SMITH'S K.C.B.
(J. Moloney up)

MRS. GEMMELL'S GREGALACH
(Mr. Thackray up)

MRS. HANNAY'S WRETHAM
(W Stott up)



MR C.
(W.

THE GRAND NATIONAL AGAIN

SOME OF THIS YEAR'S CONTENDERS FOR THE BLUE RIBAND OF STEEPLECHASING AT AINTREE

The Grand National, the greatest of all steeplechases, will draw the eyes and thoughts of the World to Aintree again on Friday, when a large field will face the severest test of equine stamina and good horsemanship known to racing. To win this race is the dream of every owner who races horses over the sticks, and on the right are seen five of those whose prospects of leading in the winner are fancied in different quarters. Reading from left to right, they are Major K. Menzies, Mrs. C. S. Bird, Mr. C. R. Taylor, Mrs. M. A. Gemmell, and Mr. M. D. Blair

C. R. TAYLOR'S
CRAKLE
W. [illegible] Fawcus up)

In a Class by Itself

C.F.H. 1329

Mr. George Robey, whose calling is too well known to require any mention, as he appears as "Bindle" in his talkie debut

Lenare

Mr. E. G. Robey, the son of the famous comedian, was recently appointed to the staff of the Director of Public Prosecutions

ACTOR FATHER and LAWYER SON

ROBEYS PÈRE ET FILS—IN DIFFERENT RÔLES

No one who ever saw George Robey in that inimitable character-study of his, "The Barrister," and heard him, after explaining that "you can tell by my demeanour I'm a legal interceder. I'm a barrister with the accent on the 'Bar,'" passionately pleading the cause of a fair client in a breach of promise action, who "refuses, absolutely refuses, to be put back on the barrow like a damaged tomater," will ever forget it—and now comes the news that his son, Mr. E. G Robey, has been appointed to the staff of the Director of Public Prosecutions. Let us hope he will prove equally successful in Court, even if his manner is a little less impassioned than that of the advocate created by his sire!

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

TOO GOOD to be TRUE

by

Mollie Panter-Downes

Illustrated by COLLER

NIGEL BURROUGHS was a brave and, some said, an extremely lucky man. For years he had been fighting the forests of Upper Burma. Sometimes the forests nearly won, but always Burroughs managed to come out on top by the skin of his teeth. He had survived snake-bite, jungle fever, sunstroke, and an escaped murderer who came crawling into his tent one night with a knife between his teeth. By rights he should have been dead several times over, for he seemed to attract trouble, but the dacoit knives appeared to be as shy of him as the German bullets had been in the war. He was completely fearless, and for that reason was loved by some and feared by more.

It was over six years since he had been home. He had been on the brink of one leave when trouble had broken out in his district, and he had been speedily recalled. It was then that the murderer had come crawling into his tent with the idea of adding Burroughs sahib to the notches on his knife handle. Burroughs bore a long bluish scar over one cheekbone as a little memento of the affair. It gave his sunburnt face a puckered, somewhat quizzical expression. He was a big, powerfully built man, with the quiet blue eyes and uncommunicative manner of one accustomed to solitude.

For over six years Burroughs had lived alone in his jungles, working hard and saving his money. There was nothing to do with his excellent pay except put it in the bank at Rangoon, for even the wildest spendthrift would be sorely taxed to find a way of scattering his cash in the middle of a teak forest in Upper Burma. Occasionally Burroughs emerged into Society in one of the little English communities that are dotted here and there up the banks of the Irrawaddy. Then he would put on a pair of clean white shorts and drink many whiskies at the club, but immediately afterwards he would board the little steamer, or get on his pony, and disappear into the wilderness again. People said that he was "odd." One never heard of him going up to the hill stations with the rest of the English when he got the chance. At one moment he would be seen in Mandalay; the next, he would emerge in the wake of a caravan that had come toiling down, rough little mules and sweating Chinese drivers and running dogs, from some unknown country high up in the Shan mountains.

And all the time his bank balance was piling up nicely in Rangoon.

THE thought of that bank balance gave Burroughs a great deal of satisfaction. He would sit thinking of it in the evenings when the hot air seemed to quiver to a standstill, and all sorts of bitter-sweet scents drifted out of the jungle, and the little Burmese girl crouched at his feet looking up at him with soft dark eyes. Burroughs had followed the tolerant habit of the country, which allows that there is no madness worse than the madness of loneliness, and had added her to his shifting household much as he would have acquired a new dog or pony—not because she kept house particularly well, but because he liked to see her round, good-tempered face which she whitened with some sort of paste, and the flittings of her plump little figure in its spotless muslin jacket and gay tamein. She had suited his roving mode of existence far better than any Western woman would have done. She was charming to look at, folded up in that delicious boneless manner at his feet; she was gay and docile; she never wished to know where he was going or when he was coming back. Yes, she had suited him really very well.

When I go home, thought Burroughs smiling absently at her as one might smile at a favourite dog, I must buy her a pair of diamond earrings. And leaning back, peg in hand, he returned to pleasant thoughts of that snugly mounting bank balance in Rangoon.

He was going to spend it all in one glorious burst on his leave. He thought of that leave a great deal. He had it all mapped out, from the moment he stepped on the tender at Marseilles to the moment when he would be forced to turn his face towards Burma and his forests again. If things went well, perhaps that moment would never come. He wanted to stay in England. Behind these six long years stretched a still longer apprenticeship in the East, and he was sick of it Besides, his luck would not last for ever. One day a dacoit knife or bullet would find its mark —one day a tiny winged insect would send a particularly dark and poisonous trickle of death through his veins—and where would his luck be then?

All the same, if he had to come back here, he would come back with a good store of memories to keep him going, like a camel storing water, until the next time he went home. Yes, he would have a royal leave, and Ma Yin, bless her little heart, should have those diamond earrings to twinkle from beneath the glossy black loops of her hair. She deserved it. They both deserved it! And Burroughs, smiling and sighing, knocked out his pipe and went to bed.

JUST before his leave was due, Burroughs had a bad turn of his old enemy, malaria, while he was on a trip in the country above Bhamo, and for a time it looked as though the forests were going to keep him after all. Somehow they got him back to civilisation, and at last he was out of danger, but it was a much thinner, paler Burroughs who eventually leant over the rail of a big liner and watched the Bund and warehouses of Rangoon fade out of sight.

"She was charming to look at folded up in that delicious boneless manner at his feet . . . Yes, she had suited him really very well"

Leaning thus, he thanked his stars—first, because he was not a dead man, and secondly, because of the comforting thickness between his breast and the taffrail. The thickness was his pass-book, and the pass-book contained some extremely round and comforting figures, fruit of all those frugal years of his, which in turn would be translated into terms of theatres, restaurants, lights, people, pretty women who used perfume and wore absurdly flimsy shoes, and did not—alas for poor Ma Yin!—occasionally open their mouths to jet out scarlet spurts of chewed betel. It would be good to talk to a pretty woman across a white tablecloth again. And lights—Piccadilly with the good old red and white signs juggling up and down! Theatres—good lord, what were the shows running in town now? . . . He went downstairs to find an English paper and run his eye down a list of disconcertingly unfamiliar names.

All the way in the train from Dover to London he kept on telling himself that it was too good to be true. Everything was so perfect—the gentle English landscape, the high hedges of flowering hawthorn between which he glimpsed a tubby pony cart and tubbier, ambling pony. No dacoits in those peaceful woods! It all looked so green, but a soft, tender green, not the poisonous emerald that dripped off every tree in the jungle and sometimes made him feel that he was suffocating at the bottom of a sticky arsenic well. At a level-crossing a girl was waiting, leaning against the handlebars of a bicycle. Burroughs caught a fleeting glimpse of her fair, uncovered head, her slim body in a light summer dress, and for an amused moment the figure of little Ma Yin flashed before him, crouching on her haunches with yellow flowers in her hair and a big white cheroot jammed between her teeth.

Yes, he thought, it was too good to be true. To be back in England again with nine perfect months stretching before him—to be alive at all—yes, that in itself was a miracle. For some reason he had felt in his bones that he would never live to see England again, and yet here he was. His luck had held and the forests had opened their green jaws to let him out; men had died beside him, but he had gone on. Young Stanley had got his leg jammed in a rush of logs and had died of gangrene; Jimmy Patterson had put a bullet through his head on the very eve of going home; they had knifed poor Craig in the train for the sake of a hundred rupees. . . . And Nigel Burroughs, who recognised no god, felt a sort of Te Deum of thankfulness come into his heart as he sat staring out at the placidly smiling English fields.

The train ran under the great, grimy glass vaulting of the station. Burroughs got out and collected his somewhat shabby luggage, gave up his ticket at the barrier, and stood waiting while the porter went off to fetch a taxi. He stood there with the crowds surging round him, a scarred and fever-bitten man whose blue eyes surveyed the running people with a slow smile. It was exactly the same—the good old London smell, the red buses milling up and down outside in the sunshine, the stolid British patience and good temper. Too good to be true!

And stepping off the kerb to look up and see if a remembered clock was still in its place, Burroughs was struck to the ground by a dark and swiftly moving limousine that swung into the courtyard with too tardy a hoot of warning. As he fell, he hit the back of his head against the kerb, and where he lay there was soon a little pool of bood.

"Keep back there—stand away and make room for the ambulance men, please," said the young policeman who had suddenly appeared from the pavement near by, and to himself he added unprofessionally, being young and rather shaken by the look of Burroughs and his pool of blood, "Fat lot of good the ambulance will do for this bloke. It's my belief the pore devil has broken his blooming neck."

In a little Burmese jungle village Ma Yin, who had returned to her people, stirred uneasily in her sleep, and put up a small brown paw to the diamond earrings that had reached her a few days before from Rangoon.

By the terms of Burroughs' simple will everything that he possessed went to his dead brother's only child—a plain, intelligent girl who was the competent secretary of a City broker. When she heard the extent of poor Burroughs' little nest egg, her competence deserted her, and a slow sort of radiance flushed her muddy skin. She clasped her hands. Tears came into her eyes.

"Oh!" she cried to the family solicitor, "is it wicked of me to be so glad, Mr. Craigie? I was dreadfully sorry about poor Uncle Nigel. But if you knew how much it means to me! Now I can go out to the East—that's always been my dream, you know. Mandalay! Oh, Mr. Craigie, it seems too good to be true!"

THE BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

THE Tenth Annual Meeting for THE BYSTANDER Challenge Trophy, which takes place at Addington Palace Club on Wednesday next, March 23rd, promises to be a great success, and many of our leading players will be taking part.

The Competition, an Invitation Mixed Foursome (professional partnered by a lady member of the same Club), will be played over thirty-six holes (Medal Play). Valuable silver cups will be presented to the winning lady and her partner.

The public will be admitted free to the beautiful course, and can obtain luncheons and teas at moderate prices.

The Club can be reached by rail (S.R.) to East Croydon Station, thence by the club bus leaving at every half hour, or by road via Clapham Common, South Norwood Hill, Woodside Station, Shirley Road and Upper Shirley Road.

My Weekly Thought

by Norman Thwaites

"UNTIL England gets over her snobbish passion for the predatory professions and puts her best brains into business," said my friend from overseas, "she will continue to be handicapped in the pursuit of national wealth."

I bade him expound. The first instinct of the British mother, he said, is to put her brightest boys into the so-called learned professions. It used to be the Navy and the Army, but the fighting services no longer offer a safe career. Advancement is precarious, and contracts with the country's defenders are no longer sacred. Any day the soldier, sailor, or airman may be "axed," or have his pay reduced. There remain the professions of the Church, the law, and medicine, professions which flourish on the frailty of mankind and exploit human folly, vanity, and fear.

As one who is descended from those who followed those honourable callings, and somewhat inclined to boast freedom from the contamination of trade, I resented these generalisations with some heat, and charged him with slavish plagiarism of Bernard Shaw.

The Church, persisted my friend, fattens on the fears of hell; the law battens on bad citizenship and mankind's proneness to quarrel; while the medical profession lives on the fanciful fears of the hypochondriac or the genuine sufferings of the unhealthy. Oh, Lord, send a murrain among thy people that thy servant may live and not die!

IN my mind's eye I pictured the horrified face of our village rector had he heard himself classified among the predatory classes. I thought of the family lawyer, wise in counsel, gentle in reproof; and our excellent doctor, ever ready to minister to all ills, whether rewarded or not.

But if I remained in conflict with my friend's argument up to this point, I found myself in agreement when he lamented that the old British spirit of adventurous enterprise was on the wane at a time when other nations are awakening to more strenuous effort. It has been stated that in this country only half those employed in gainful occupations are engaged in wealth-producing callings. There are too many using feeble brains instead of strong hands.

I RECALL a speech made by Lord Southwark, Chairman of the Education Committee of the Association of the British Chambers of Commerce, some years ago, when he complained that the tendency of present-day elementary curricula in the schools was to fit men for sheltered jobs and posts that carried a pension. The result, as Lord Southwark said, is that trade, industry, and business generally have to put up with those who fail to pass the necessary examinations for the non-productive callings.

The fact is that big business requires more imagination, better organising capacity, and greater energy than any of the professions. To manage a department store, to run a factory, and, more especially, to farm successfully, demand capacities of the highest type.

THE well-bred Englishman need no longer dread doing something that others of his class are not doing. Society with a big "S" is turning to trade, to productive work, and not merely to "something in the City." The great shopping emporia are employing people of gentle birth in ever-increasing numbers.

Curiously enough, it is the girls who are showing most enterprise. One could name scores of young women of the so-called better classes who are successfully adding to the sum total of national wealth.

The frenzied taxing of the well-to-do, over which the proletarian gloated, is bringing into competition with him people of greater intelligence and superior industry. We may have too many non-producers and too many drones, but we are issuing from our afflictions more speedily than any other nation.

BRAINS ON THE LINKS

Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General, driving off during the annual golf match between the House of Commons and Ranelagh

BRAINS ON THE LINKS

Sir George May, the Chairman of the new Import Duties Advisory Committee, enjoying a brief holiday before starting work. He is seen on the West Hove course

"THE GREEN PACK"

CAUGHT CARDS FROM WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

THE KNAVE IN "THE GREEN PACK"

Seen sitting centre, is played by Franklin Dyall, a financier. On the left is David Hawthorne, and on the right Gerald du Maurier, prospectors, who, being swindled by that financier, eventually declare a grand slam. He dies without honours

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

Gerald du Maurier playing the part of a lover. He is seen with Joan Maude, who is his Queen

A HAND IN THE GAME

West, J. H. Roberts, a doctor. North, Alan Napier, another prospector, and East, Jessie Winter, the doctor's wife, in another shuffle of "The Green Pack," in which the play is very skilful

THE DOWAGER OF 1932

By the Hon. Patrick Balfour

"I OFTEN wish I had known the Edwardian Era," says Lady Herringbone to one of her young men.

"Yes," says he, "how wonderful those pre-War days must have been."

"Mustn't they?" says Lady Herringbone with a sigh.

A sigh for her lost memory . . .?

Margaret's marriage to Lord Herringbone was one of the chief social events of 1909. Of course, there is no getting away from that in the stud-books. But then, as Lady Herringbone would say, "Girls did marry so much younger in those days. I was a mere child."

Some peerages do not record the dates of women's births.

I always think it is mistaken policy on Margaret's part to make all this shi-shi about her age. She is, actually, forty-eight this year; but to do her justice she does not look it. Very few women with one daughter married, another out, and a grown-up son look as young as Margaret Herringbone. She could well afford to boast about being on the wrong side of forty-five now that middle-age is coming into its own again and is no longer regarded as a rather unpleasant form of disease.

At least half a dozen men are in love with Lady Herringbone, but she remains staunchly faithful to Lord Mackerel.

The War came in very conveniently to lighten the burden of her union with Herringbone. Not but what people like Bony, and Margaret more than most. He is dull, but inoffensive and kind. Everyone agrees that Margaret was clever in the choice of such a husband. He has (or had) money and position; yet she does not have to bother with him. He lets her do what she likes. Moreover the licence is mutual, for Herringbone is not unsusceptible himself.

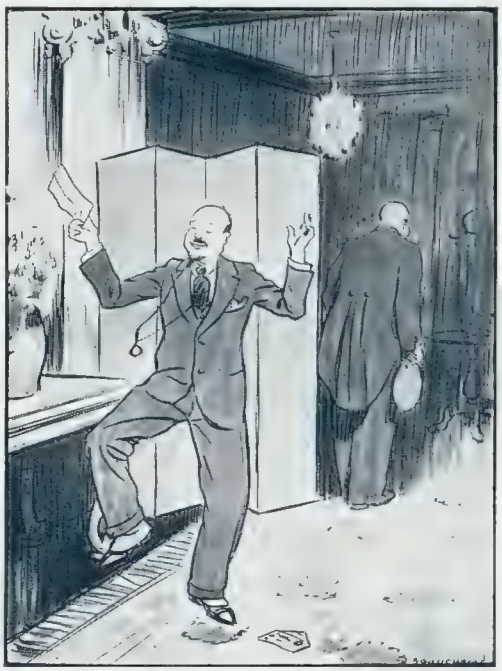
"If only Bony would have a flip with Greta Mackerel," Margaret will say, "how suitably it would all fit in! But he only fancies women who roll their eyes, and her Ladyship's are invariably tight shut (which, perhaps, is not altogether unfortunate). Well, I can't say I have any complaints to make about Bony's girls. They're presentable and keep him amused, which is the main thing; and they regard me with appropriate awe."

THE Herringbones lunch a lot at the Ritz and dine a lot at the Embassy—but usually in different parties. They always accompany one another to the pompous parties but not from them, and it all works very satisfactorily.

The only circumstance which ruffles their marital calm is that they are continually moving house.

No sooner has Margaret finished getting into a new house; no sooner have all the women journalists in London effusively featured its decorations in the magazines, than she sets about getting rid of it. Lady Herringbone's housewarming parties are almost an annual event.

This unsettles his Lordship, who sets store by an ordered life. But he is hardly in a position to complain, for



By Beauchamp

THINGS WORTH SEEING

A wealthy Socialist receiving an Income Tax Demand

Margaret's mania for house-decoration conceals a genuine flair, resulting in a substantial profit on the sale of each house, and the Herringbone Budget in 1932 can do with a bit of fattening.

WHEN the time came for Marjorie, the elder daughter, to come out, Lady Herringbone did not like it one bit. Her affair with Bobby Mackerel was just in the offing at the time. He was a good ten years younger than herself, and it did not suit her at all just then to produce a daughter who resembled her closely in beauty but not in age.

However, with the aid of a wealthy Midland manufacturer she put the best face on it. The latter gentleman paid her £5,000 down to bring his daughter out with her own, and Margaret welcomed the excuse for entertaining her friends. She gave a series of parties to which Marjorie was occasionally permitted to ask not more than four of her contemporaries; and when Marjorie *had* to go to her own debutante dances someone else could always be got to ask the child to dinner and chaperon her. So Margaret Herringbone never once sat upon the dowager's bench.

At the end of Marjorie's first season Margaret succeeded in marrying her to one of her own ex-chaps whom she did not quite know what to do with. Not only was he suitably eligible, but he had the added merit of being on the point of leaving for India to spend five years with his regiment.

So Margaret settled down once more to forget she was old enough to be a grandmother.

Then, one night at Quaglino's, people became intrigued.

"Who," they asked, "is Margaret Herringbone's new chap?"

He was certainly good-looking, young and slim, and perfectly dressed, and the pair caused some comment. Margaret danced with him all the evening, looked laughingly into his eyes when he spoke, and was overheard to say, "Darling, you *are* a sweetie."

At this Lady Ginchester was quite unable to contain her curiosity. She sent for Quaglino and asked who the young man was. The reply caused some sensation: "C'est le fils de Miladi."

EVERYONE had forgotten that the Herringbones even had a son, for when Norman left school Margaret had shipped him quickly across the Atlantic to an American university, whereafter he had got a good job in a New York bank. Now he is back in London and all Lady Herringbone's friends are going crazy over him, so that Margaret thinks that there is something to be said for having grown-up children after all.

Altogether, since Bridget, her younger daughter, came out last year, Margaret has been very much less sensitive about her age. She even finds it rather an asset to have a daughter out. She and Bridget each get invitations for the other. In 1932 it is no longer:

The Countess of Ginchester
requests
the pleasure of the company of
Lord and Lady Herringbone and the
Hon. Bridget Bone
at dinner;

But: "*Do come and dine, Margaret, dear, and bring that lovely daughter of yours. We might go to a movie afterwards.—Ruby.*"

Or: "*Please try to persuade your divine mother to come too.—Patricia.*"

And as for the chaps that Bridget brings to the house—why, Margaret is positively years younger since her second daughter came out.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Exclusive photograph taken specially for "The Bystander" by Shaw Wildman

MISS KATHRYN CARVER, the lovely wife of Mr. Adolphe Menjou is here seen with Mr. Curtis Moffat in the attractive bar of the latter's house. She is wearing a very decorative pair of satin pyjamas made in an unusual shade which most nearly approximates to the lovely colour of red violets. The short coatee of the same colour tulle is flecked with gold. Miss Carver's beauty has been much missed by film enthusiasts who hope she will redeem her promise and reappear on the screen

It is not only in our Gardens that Flowers bloom this Spring

Bouquets of flowers trim our Bodices and our Hats and give a note of contrasting colour

Photographs by Scaioni

The full sleeves gathered in just below the elbow are the chief feature of this afternoon gown of pale mauve satin which has a draped bodice into which is tucked a cluster of pink roses Mainbocher

The unusual idea of using flowers to fill in a low neckline is further emphasized in this charming model of black crepe de Chine which crosses over a chemisette composed of white anemones Mainbocher

Which will you wear?

The Cap, the Plate or the Breton Hat?

A coquettish sailor hat of shiny black straw is posed on one side of the head and trimmed with tiny black flowers with brilliant yellow centres. *Suzanne Talbot*

The breton hat of white cellophane straw is one of the most popular models of the season. Here it is trimmed with a bow. *A Suzanne Talbot model from Debenhams*

Scaion

The tiny cap of striped material is extremely smart particularly when it is trimmed with a pom-pom or cockade of a brilliant colour. Here it is made of black and white striped woven material and has a black pom-pom. Another attractive model was in green and red plaid jersey and had a green cockade on the top of the crown. *Model from Agnès*

Where shall we go and What shall we take?

A fitted dressing-case has a removable tray with a space for jewels beneath it, and the bag on the right has a jewel tray at the bottom and an outside pocket for one's passport

THE tin trunk, the wicker basket and the carpet bag are no more, and with them has passed an era which was as uncomfortable as it was picturesque. Travel, we have been told since our earliest childhood, broadens the mind and is an education in itself, but no one ever suggested that travel is as good for the body as it is for the mind—and indeed in the days of the carpet bag it wasn't. But now when large liners equipped with all the comforts of a first class hotel speedily transport us to a warm climate with little or no effort on our part, we may add the pleasures of relaxation to the pleasures of the mind and doubly take advantage of the brief moments of respite allowed us by the rush of modern life.

The problem which lies before us is no longer how can we get to such-and-such a place, but where shall we go? and the choice which lies before us is so varied that the selection of one holiday does not seem enough—let us take several! Many large lines, such as the Blue Star and the Royal Mail, have arranged the most attractive Easter cruises varying from four to twenty nine days, and with prices ranging from eight guineas inclusive to fifty guineas or more, according to the length of the voyage and the accommodation required. When such names as Palermo, Athens, Rhodes, Algiers are mentioned together, when we realise that without any of the troubles and expenses inseparable from

A lightning fastener adds to the convenience of this collapsible hide bag which is exceptionally light

A dressing-bag with gaily coloured fittings to match the leather is inexpensive and particularly attractive

Letters may be filed and kept in perfect order while travelling with the aid of this neat despatch box

A wardrobe trunk which has hanging space on one side and a series of drawers on the other is essential for comfortable travelling. On the left is a hat box with light frames on to which the hats can be pinned, and on the right is a trunk specially made to contain eighteen pairs of shoes and a pair of riding boots, while the necessary stockings are accommodated in a tray at the top

Trunks by courtesy of Vuitton

Individual luggage has much in its favour, for the gay stripes in your own favourite colours make it easy to find your trunk on a crowded platform

travelling through a number of unknown countries, each with a different tongue and a different fiscal system, we can visit these fabled lands and, while travelling, sun-bath luxuriously on broad decks or get oneself into trim by swimming in the pool or playing deck games, then the advantages of the often maligned modern era is only too apparent. Nor is our path smoothed only in connection with transport, our clothes are no longer lost to view in unwieldy trunks of gigantic proportions, but are easily found in perfect condition in trunks which most successfully usurp the functions of a wardrobe. Our bottles need never break and spread disaster over a favourite dress, they are neatly packed in a special case which prevents them from moving; our correspondence can be as easily sorted and filed while we are constantly on the move as when we are in our own study; our shoes each have their allotted space and no longer rend unrecognisable what was once our best hat. No, I think there is much to be said for the advantages of travel in the present day.

Round The Town
by Jane Gordon

WEDDING GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. Pitt-Rivers leaving the Marquess of Anglesey's house in Queen's Gate where the reception was held after the wedding of Lord Stanley of Alderley and Lady Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot

CAN it be that English women are following the example of that tiresome Roman matron who, when asked to display her jewels, pointed to her sons? Do you think, if you asked a young married woman about her jewels, she would show you round the nursery? Of course, we are all agreed that there is nothing more vulgar than an ostentatious display of flashing rings and service stripes. All the same, it would be nice to see women wearing a few real stones again instead of all these glass beads and bogus-looking ornaments.

THERE was a pretty stranger dancing at the Malmaison the other evening, and she wore the most satisfying diamond ring I have seen for some time. The stone, which was enormous, was emerald cut, of perfect colour, and had great depth. It was not mounted in any way, but was merely attached to the platinum ring part. This lady, whose name is Madame de Montmorency, also wore two large diamond bracelets. Her hair was sleek and straight, and the colour of mahogany. She wore a black crêpe de Chine dress and a perfect Russian ermine coat.

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN had a diamond ring of her own design made up at Mauboussin just before she went abroad. It is made of small, square-cut diamonds placed in an uneven double row across the top of the finger, almost like a Swastika pattern, and attached round the back of the finger to a single bar of platinum. It seems almost a pity that Miss Dorothy Paget cares nothing for jewellery or furs. If she cared to spend even a proportion of the money she wins racing on jewellery one imagines she would outshine even the Dolly Sisters in a short while. There are very few women in this country who are famous for their jewellery, although there must be quantities of family heirlooms stored away all over the place. It will be interesting to see whether Lady Jersey will wear the Jersey jewellery when she comes back from her honeymoon, or whether she will find it too much for her.

LEAVING THE RECEPTION

Mrs. Patrick Davidson and Miss Jeanne Ricardo, two of the guests at the recent wedding of Lord Stanley and Lady Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot

THERE are plenty of lovely furs round London just now. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, who is one of the smartest women in London, was wearing a beautiful evening coat of Russian ermine at a first night this week; and Mrs. Charles Wynne was also wearing a coat of the same description over a Vionnet dress of duck's egg blue, with a curiously crossed over bodice, at the Embassy one evening. This particular shade of blue has been popular during the last few days. Miss Marjorie Glasgow, who was at Quaglino's a night or two later, was wearing a heavy crêpe dress of the same colour cut on classic lines.

I CANNOT like this fashion of wearing little white crocheted hats with fur coats. Mrs. Marshall Field was wearing one at the Ritz the other day, and it looked out of place with her lovely sable coat. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper was with a large party drinking cocktails, and she wore a mole coat with a red leather belt and red leather gauntlet gloves. Three-quarter length fur coats are coming into fashion again.

SO far the dress shows have produced much better day clothes than evening gowns, and before many weeks are out I think they will have to add to their collections and put in a considerable number of evening models. As usual, the greater proportion of Hartnell's show consists of evening dresses, and although these are very good it would be sad if all of us had to appear in nothing but Hartnell's dresses. He has certainly fallen for pleats this season. Almost every model has either accordion pleating, sun-ray pleating, knife pleating, or fan pleating. The chiffon dresses, both patterned and plain, get the fulness of their skirts from accordion pleating, and the heavier materials from sun-ray pleating. Almost every dress is provided with a shoulder cape of the same material.

THE problem of stockings is becoming acute. Those nice fine fish-net stockings that used to be so reasonable, and wore so well, have doubled in price, and only the 100 gauge stockings look really well with these new toeless evening sandals. One imagines that women with perfect feet will have their toe-nails varnished and do without stockings this summer; but as only one woman in a hundred thousand has perfect feet, this does not help the rest of us very much. In any case, it is high time somebody invented something new to dress our legs in.

Below: The bride's sisters, the Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven (left) and the Hon. Mrs Barran, her twin, leaving the Savoy Chapel after last week's wedding

THE SECOND RUTHVEN TWIN MARRIES

THE ORIGINAL OF "PETER PAN" AND HIS BRIDE

Mr. Peter Llewelyn Davies and his bride, the Hon. Margaret Leslie Hore-Ruthven, one of the famous Ruthven Twins and the daughter of Major-General Lord Ruthven and of Lady Ruthven, who were married last week at the Savoy Chapel. The bridegroom, who is a godson of Sir James Barrie, is supposed to be the original of "Peter Pan"

THE LIGHT BLUES

bridge, who have enjoyed an almost unbroken run of success the War, going hard at it during practice for next Saturday's race

THE RIVAL PRESIDENTS

M. Johnston (Shrewsbury and Brasenose) and H. R. N. kett (Eton and Third Trinity), the Oxford and Cambridge sidents, discussing anything except the prospects for Saturday

THE OXFORD CREW

eading from top to bottom: G. A. Ellison (Westminster and New llege) (bow), G. M. L. Smith (Winchester and Brasenose) (2), de R. Kent (Sherborne and Brasenose) (3), C. M. Johnston hrewsbury and Brasenose) (4), W. D. C. Erskine-Crum (Eton and rist Church) (5), R. A. J. Poole (Eton and Brasenose) (6), W. H. igotti (Radley and Worcester) (7), and C. A. Chadwyck-Healey (Eton and Trinity) (stroke)

CAN OXFORD DO IT?

Although the Dark Blues have been eclipsed by their Cambridge rivals since the War, this year's Oxford crew is considered by many to have an excellent chance to break the spell. They are certainly the best Oxford crew seen at Putney for some years

THE TWO COXSWAINS

Left: T. E. Pritchard (Clifton and Exeter) the Dark Blue coxswain, and, right, the Cambridge coxswain, J. M. Ranking (Cheltenham and Pembroke)

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW

From top to bottom: D. Haig-Thomas (Eton and Lady Margaret) (bow), K. M. Payne (Eton and Third Trinity) (2), T. G. Askwith (Haileybury and Peterhouse) (3), W. A. T. Sambell (Melbourne and Pembroke) (4), C. J. S. Sergel (Monkton Combe and Clare) (5), H. R. N. Rickett (Eton and Third Trinity) (6), D. H. E. McCowen (Cheltenham and Pembroke) (7), and L. Luxton (Melbourne and Pembroke) (stroke)

The BLUES disappear at GUINNESS TIME

Life is brighter after Guinness

G.E. 256

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A Big Novel and Some Others

By "JUNIUS"

Kay Vaughan

DR. A. J. CRONIN

His second novel, "Three Loves," fulfils the promise shown by "Hatter's Castle." It is published by Gollancz at 8s 6d

THE present publishing season, although it has not yet run three months, is remarkable for the number of books which have come like a wide waterfall from the publishers, and also for the high outstanding quality of so many of its novels. And of these Mr. Charles Morgan's *The Fountain* (Macmillan: 7s. 6d.) stands at the head. You will remember the author's *Portrait of a Lady*, a book of wisdom, knowledge, and delicate beauty. Myself, I have even a greater admiration for its successor.

THE War brings Lewis Alison, as an interned prisoner on parole, to the Castle of Enkendaal, in Holland. Its owner, Baron van Leyden, has married en secondes noces, a fellow countrywoman who had been a governess in England. There she had married an Englishman, a neighbour of Alison's people. When she was a little girl Alison had coached the daughter of this marriage, Julie. Alison is a scholar, and by nature a recluse. His impulse has always been towards a life of contemplation. But life itself has brought him only fears of struggle to make his father's publishing business of educational books pay; and then the War and internment in Holland after the fall of Antwerp. He begins to write a history of the contemplative life. But fate ordains otherwise. Julie, unwanted and unhappy in her step-father's house, has married a Prussian officer, Graf von Narwitz. On the outbreak of war he sends her to Enkendaal because of her strong English sympathies. The love story between Julie and Alison is one of the most beautiful things in modern fiction.

VON NARWITZ, wounded and broken, comes to the Castle, and although he knows the truth, has so much nobility of mind that on his death-bed he joins Julie and Alison's hands. This brief outline of the story conveys nothing of the strength and charm of the book; the delightful descriptions of its Dutch background, or the purity of the prose in which it is written. We have no novelist who writes such beautiful English.

Pearl Freeman

MISS INEZ HOLDEN

The young author of "Born Old, Died Young" (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.). It is reviewed by "Junius" this week

FROM the point of view of craftsmanship, Dr. A. J. Cronin in *Three Loves* (Gollancz: 8s. 6d.) has fulfilled the promise of his first book, *Hatter's Castle*. But it has not the same interest, and although the central character, Lucy Moore, is drawn with astonishing psychological insight, you grow rather weary of her by the time you come to the end of close upon six hundred pages.

LUCY might be the all-commanding figure in a Greek tragedy rather than the wife of a Scottish commercial traveller, living in a neat little house near Glasgow. To her, love is a tyranny which she wreaks on the loved one, all the while convinced that her motives are of the highest. The story is in three parts. In the first she is maîtresse-femme, pushing her husband's business interests in and out of season. A wholly unjustified suspicion of his cousin, Anne Galton, brings about her husband's death.

IN the second part she reduces herself nearly to starvation so that her son may become a doctor. Again a tragedy, because she tries to force her will upon one she loves. The son marries against her wish and goes to London. Bereft of everything through her passion for domination, Lucy turns to religion, and enters a convent in Belgium. But submission—the first rule in the religious life—is impossible to her temperament, and she goes back to the world to die in a hospital. A tour de force in its way to fill all these pages with the mental history of a woman who has no personal charm for the reader, but the character is not big enough, strong enough for all the labour Dr. Cronin has expended on it.

MR. CECIL ROBERTS has made a great success with *Spears Against Us* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), one of the most original stories he has written. The English Crawleys are great friends of the Austrian Von Edelsteins, and pay a long visit to Schloss Edelstein in Tyrol every year. Karl von Edelstein and Ian Crawley have been at Harrow together, and they are in love with each other's sisters. This goes on until the War bursts upon them out of the blue. Young Edelstein joins his regiment; the Crawleys rush off to England.

THEN we have a clever touch. Mr. Roberts shows Karl with the Austrian Army and on leave. Ian in the British trenches, companion pictures, as it were. When the War was over Ian Crawley went to Vienna to seek out his old friends. He finds the old Graf von Edelstein is dead, Karl is killed, the Schloss in Tyrol shut up, and the family reduced to the utmost poverty. There is even deeper sadness behind this tragedy, for the pittance on which the Edelsteins exist comes from the daughter Paula, and how obtained they dare not ask.

AUSTRIA suffered more cruelly than any other nation after the War. What

(Continued on page 522)

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

MARCH, 1932

16th to 31st inclusive.

16th **Boxing.** Amateur Championships (R. Albert Hall)
Show. Manchester Dog Show.
Racing. Lincoln and Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings. 2nd Cavalry Brigade Steeplechases.
Golf. Gold Cup (Ladies), Roehampton.

17th ST PATRICK'S DAY.
Show. Irish Kennel Club, Dublin.
Racing. Liverpool, Metropolitan (Baldoyle) and Limerick Meetings.

18th **Fencing.** Foil Championship, final pool.
Racing. Grand National Steeplechase (Liverpool).

19th **Rugby.** England v. Scotland (Twickenham).
Rowing. Oxford v. Cambridge (Putney to Mortlake).
Racing. Liverpool.

21st **Rackets.** Amateur Singles Champ. final (Queen's Club)
Racing. Nottingham Meeting.

22nd **Golf.** Oxford U. v. Cambridge U. (Lytham and St. Annes).
Racing. Nottingham.

23rd **Racing.** Wye, Melton, Hunt and R.A. Harriers Steeplechases.

24th **Racing.** Uttoxeter Stplchs.

25th GOOD FRIDAY.

25th cont. **Tennis.** Open Tournament, Hard Courts (Scarborough)
Motor Cycling. M.C.C. London-Land's End run.

26th **Rugby.** Army v. R.A.F (Twickenham).
Football. R. Navy and R. Marines v. R.A.F. (London).
Hockey. Scotland v. Ireland (Paisley). England v. France (Folkestone). Hockey Festival opens (S'end-on-Sea).
Racing. Kempton Park, Phœnix Park, Manchester, Plumpton, Chepstow, Southwell, Carlisle.

28th EASTER MONDAY.
Racing. Kempton Park, Birmingham, Newcastle, Cardiff, Carlisle, Manchester, Market Rasen, Towcester, Wetherby, Wincanton, Eridge Hunt, Hereford Hunt, Huntingdon, Torquay, West Norfolk Hunt.
Motor Racing. Open Meeting (Brooklands).

29th **Racing.** Birmingham and Newcastle Meetings. Cardiff, Towcester, Wetherby, Torquay Steeplechases.
Tennis. Open Tournament, Hard Courts (Felixstowe).

30th **Racing.** Leicester and Catterick Bridge Meetings. Royal Artillery (Sandown Park) Steeplechases.

31st **Racing.** Leicester, Catterick Bridge and Proudstown Park (Navan) Meetings.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Members of the Oxford University team, which met Walton Heath on the latter's course recently when they lost by 10½ points to 7½. The group includes R. Sweeny, A. G. N. Robinson, J. W. L. Adams, E. H. Moss, J. R. Keen, J. R. Waterston, and H. B. Dugmore

FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE L.G.U. has now nominated twelve players for the team to play the United States in the Women's International at Wentworth on Saturday, May 21.

All the twelve players are internationalists, and the first eight in the following list played for Great Britain against France last year.

Miss Joyce Wethered (England); Miss Diana Fishwick (England); Miss Wanda Morgan (England); Miss Molly Gourlay (England); Miss Elsie Corlett (England); Mrs. Percy Garon (England); Miss Jean McCulloch (Scotland); Mrs. Watson (Scotland); Miss Doris Park (Scotland); Miss D. Pim (Ireland); Miss Barbara Pyman (Wales); Miss Enid Wilson (England).

The teams will be six aside, with two reserves, and we should be able to field a great team from these players. In the match foursomes will be played in the morning and singles in the afternoon.

* * *

THE proposed tour of a British women's team to South Africa has been postponed until 1933 owing to the unsettled conditions existing at present.

* * *

THE interest of the Royal Family in golf is further proved by the election of the Duchess of York as Captain of the Sunningdale Ladies' Golf Club. She was elected unanimously at the recent annual meeting, and thus becomes the first Royal lady to hold the position of captain of a golf club.

The Duchess, when living at White Lodge, was frequently to be seen playing at the Old Richmond course: George Harris, the professional, gave her lessons; later she played at Swinley Forest. The Duke of York plays at Sunningdale very often, and I am told it is his favourite course.

Miss Zena Dare (the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett), who has been playing in "Counsel's Opinion" at Glasgow, seen on the Braid Hill golf course whilst on a visit to Edinburgh

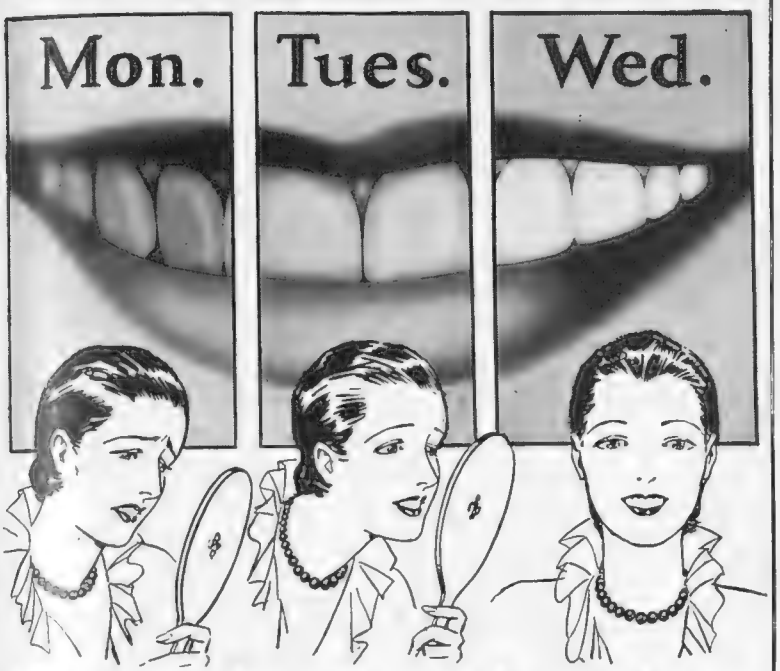
Earl Castle Stewart in action. The photograph was taken during the recent match between the House of Commons and Ranelagh, which was played over the latter's course

* * *

MUCH has been written regarding the rival merits of hickory and steel shafts. I think it is generally admitted and agreed that for youthful players there is nothing to beat a really good hickory shaft, but for those past their days of youth the steel shaft makes up for the loss of elasticity in the wrists. I play regularly with a friend some ten years my senior, and until he bought a steel-shafted driver I outdrove him by at least thirty to forty yards; after using his driver once or twice, I also invested in one, the result being that I more than regained my extra length from him in driving. In connection with this, I tried an experiment when playing the other day. One of my opponents was using my old favourite hickory-shafted driver; this driver was made by Bradeer, with a slight hook to overcome a tendency to slice which had always been a source of trouble to me until the advent of my steel-shafted driver; this club caused me to alter

(Continued on page 522)

Now Brush Away That Ugly Yellow and Stain



Teeth 3 Shades Whiter in 3 Days

Now there's absolutely no excuse for stained, yellow, discoloured or decayed teeth or sore, spongy gums. For science has discovered the way to remove the cause of 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath—and make teeth gleaming white. It's called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Start using this technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. Overnight you'll note an improvement. In just 3 days your teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Breath and taste will be clean and sweet.

Kolynos is unique.

The very moment it enters the mouth this highly concentrated dental cream becomes a refreshing FOAM which permits the use of a dry brush, thus making KOLYNOS 10 times more effective.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth-germs, 190 million in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.

THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED—RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

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KOLYNOS

the antiseptic Dental Cream.

MADE IN ENGLAND

A SWEET MOUTH adds charm. About 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in a third of a tumbler of water will suffice for a refreshing, antiseptic, deodorizing mouthwash and gargle which instantly removes all trace of tobacco or other odour, and sweetens the palate. Indispensable to all refined people. Get the sprinkler flask to-day, 1/9 all chemists, or post free on receipt of price from Kolynos (Dept. L.A.38), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page* 518)

this meant to people like the Edelsteins, from whom the possessions of generations were wrenched away, has not been used before, I think, in English fiction. Mr. Roberts has used it to great and convincing advantage.

S

THERE are moments when you lose all patience with Hermann Franck, the hero of Miss Naomi Jacob's *Props* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), especially when he allows his shrewish and petty-minded Christian wife to bully and harry him and hold him up to ridicule. But leaning upon others is in Franck's blood. The son of German Jews living at Dresden, when his father arranged for him to work in a wholesale boot business in London, Franck meekly consented, although his inclinations were towards music. He deserted his own faith, and until he was forty propped himself on other people. Then he turned against his wife, agreed to be divorced by her, shook the dust of England off his feet and returned to Dresden.

S

FRANCK is not wholly an admirable character, but Miss Jacob has drawn him with his timidities, sensitiveness, reticence, and lack of assertion, uncommonly well. His unpleasant wife is also well drawn.

S

ONE point Miss Inez Holden has overlooked in *Born Old, Died Young* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—satire and sentiment are not happy stable companions. The book is a satire on 1940, which is to-day only rather more so, seeing that girls can be called adventuresses in Society Gossip without newspapers having the fear of libel. I have not found this book nearly so witty or intelligent as the jacket dubs it to be.

CECIL ROBERTS

The author of that highly praised novel, "Spears Against Us." It is published by Hutchinson at 7s. 6d.

S

RUTH CURLE, the central figure in *Voyage Declined* (Grayson and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Michael Romain, is a modern young woman, and as such faces the problems of her life in a way which would have left her grandmother speechless. Three men come into her life, each affecting her in a different way, but eventually she decides on the materialistic comfort of a thousand a year as head of a dressmaking establishment. "The moderns were condemned for thinking too much of what they were and not enough into the future. Here, then, was a retrograde looking into the future. She seriously doubted that she would ever grow fat. At forty she would dye her hair white, at fifty cultivate a grand manner as became a famous couturière, at sixty publish witty and malicious reminiscences." This was the philosophy at which Ruth Curle arrived, and Mr. Romain writes so convincingly, and has portrayed her character so well, that you see her point of view. A sincere attempt to present a phase of the modern outlook which has succeeded admirably. "JUNIUS."

FROM TEE TO GREEN

(*Continued from page* 520)

my stance and grip and the slice vanished. I had played six holes before lunch, and was then dormy four on the after-lunch round—in all, I had hit about fifteen, for me, perfect tee shots, right down the middle and fairly long. Having such a comfortable lead, I thought I would experiment with my old driver. Alas, I did! I played the shot exactly as I had the others. In the words of the song which Jack Hulbert used to sing, "Slow back, follow through, swish—but not 'what a beaut,'" my ball flew away with a terrific hook and finished up in some trees, where, as far as I know, it is to this day; at all events, we never found it, and I only succeeded in winning the match by sinking a long putt on the 18th. I was so convinced that the ball had not been badly hit, that I have since tried the old driver several times with the same result on each occasion. This has proved two things to me: first, a different stance and grip were necessary with the steel-shafted club; secondly, the changed grip and stance remedied my habit of slicing.

* * *

THE match between the Old Wykehamists and Old Wellingtonians at Camberley recently was very interesting as a sort of trial for the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal on March 18-21, and resulted in a draw. Winchester are likely to be playing Wellington on the Saturday morning, if they survive; Winchester at Deal will be without Captain A. H. Hornby and Captain Gerald Moxon (the ex-Army Champion) and Wellington without C. P. Leese.

The final last year was between Harrow and Winchester.

Members of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Club, who have been on tour in the South, seen at Addington, where they lost by 7 to 1. They are, from left to right: Seated, Messrs. A. E. Higham, J. R. Smith, W Higham and Frank Noble. Standing: Messrs. J. Schofield, P. Clough F. B. Schofield and Harold Critchley

JOYCE WETHERED played for the Tadmarton Heath team which met the Divots at Tadmarton.

In the singles she was beaten by J. W. L. Adams by 3 and 2, and in the foursomes, partnered by J. Beaumont Pease, her side lost to H. B. Dugmore and C. Middleton.

Her driving was excellent, but she did not seem to be getting her customary length.

Her brother, Roger Wethered, and Colonel Penn won their match in the foursomes; this was the only win registered by the home club in the foursomes. Result: Divots 9½, Tadmarton Heath 5½.

* * *

THE visitors from the North, the Royal Lytham and St. Annes team, opened their tour at Addington on Saturday, March 5; they lost by 7 points to 1. On the Sunday at Stoke Poges they were again defeated by 6 matches to 2.

* * *

A TEAM representing the House of Commons played Ranelagh last week and won by 11½ points to 6½.

In the top single Sir M. Mackenzie Wood beat L. W. Badnall (Ranelagh) by 2 and 1.

W. E. J.

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Says MISS BINNIE HALE:

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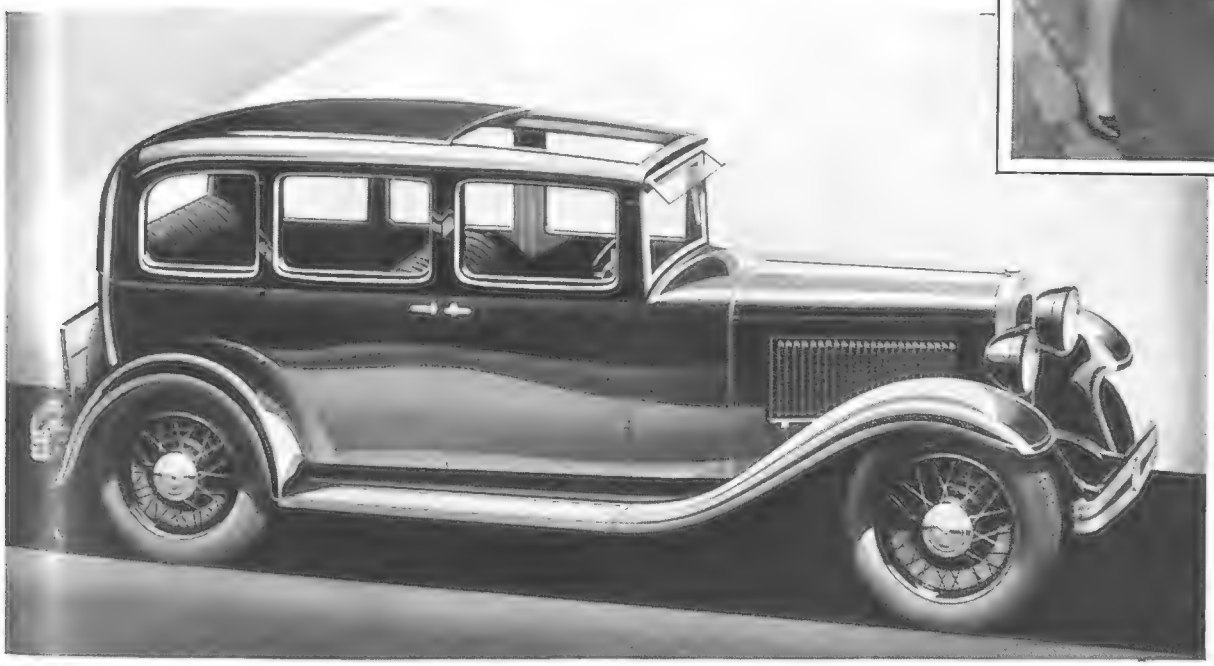
All motorists who require efficient and care-free motoring and who wish to invest their money wisely, would find it exceedingly hard to select any other car but an Austin."

Any Austin dealer will be pleased to demonstrate the Austin Sixteen for you, without obligation.



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THE AIRWAY FOR SPEED

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Hay Wrightson

Lady Chaytor, the wife of Sir Edmund Chaytor, of Witton Castle, Durham, is using a light aeroplane for a lecture tour in Australia. Her pilot is Mr. R. T. Richards and their machine an open two-seater Gipsy Moth

The Hon. Lady Bailey, who has many long-distance flights to her credit, including a solo trip to Cape Town and back three years ago, is seen here at the controls of her Puss Moth

More Aerodromes Needed

MR. BRIAN LEWIS, one of our finest motor drivers on the track or on the road, has been contrasting his speed from point to point by car and by aeroplane. On the road his average is forty if he is lucky, but in the air by light 'plane it is anything from 85 to 110, depending on the choice of machine and the strength of the wind. On the airway there is no speed limit, no traffic blocks, no delays because of tar, or due to Indian file progression where burrowing for lost pipes is taking place. To quote from his booklet on why you should fly, "You can take off from Heston at midday, lunch at Le Touquet, play a round of golf, and be back in Town the same evening." There are innumerable examples of the convenience and speed of air travel. The Prince of Wales, the leading private owner in the country, uses his Puss Moth for keeping business appointments and meeting the hounds; in fact, whenever its use will save time. Prince Lennart of Sweden is taking lessons at de Havillands' Hatfield School before buying a light 'plane for personal travel. Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, has found Imperial Airways' services to the Continent of the greatest value when travelling to and from Geneva. If air travel, either by public transport machines or private aeroplanes, is relatively small in volume, the reason must be that the majority of people able to afford the most efficient means of getting about are ignorant of its safety and comfort. By advertising, the Americans have popularised their air lines, and by the courage and foresight of their Municipalities the United States possesses a complete system of landing grounds throughout its vast territory. Over here aviation merits the support of Big Business for its finance and its traffic, and it needs the help of all local authorities and large landowners to create the aerodromes where traffic can be handled with the minimum of delay.

Flying for Business Men

FOR the reason that air transport provides the most rapid means of communication, it is of the greatest use to those whose time is most valuable. The average business man, however, will only make use of the air lines and of air taxis when their utility has been brought to his notice at a time when he has leisure to study them. These two facts were taken into account by Henly's when organising a lunch in co-operation with the authorities at Heston for the Executives' Association of Great Britain. Forty men, all directors or managers of some of the busiest commercial concerns in London, were entertained at Heston, after which there was a display of flying which could not fail to interest and impress those present. Fl.-Lt. Christopher Clarkson flew the Comper "Swift," the fast single seater which holds the present record to Australia, and is eminently suitable for the man who likes to pilot himself. Open two-seaters for those fond of fresh air were represented by the Moth, the Avian, which is marketed by Henly's, the Redwing, with seats side by side, and the Spartan. The Puss Moth, for which Mr. Brian Lewis' company is the agent, was there in force, and the cabin type Autogiro was demonstrated by Mr. Brie. The Spartan Mailplane, with three Gipsy engines, attracted favourable comment, and was examined carefully by the head of Germany's internal air services, who told me that an airport on the lines of Heston was to be opened in Berlin quite soon.

A policewoman of the air wearing her badge of office and an expression which indicates that she takes her job seriously. She is Miss Patricia Mendall, who is stationed at Alameda Airport, San Francisco

The Thread of Destiny

"Upon what trifles hangs the destiny of man" says Voltaire, and did not the immortal Mr. Micawber declare that a single sixpence could represent all the difference between misery and happiness?

"David, my boy", he might have said, "income 20/-, expenditure 20/6d, result, misery. Income 20/- and expenditure 19/6, result, happiness and"—*a packet of*

Player's

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. REGISTERED TRADE MARK

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

NCC 63.

Sex and Road Sense — By E. M. Wright

A STAR AT HOME

Mr. Bobby Howes, the star of "For the Love of Mike" at the Saville Theatre, and Mrs. Howes. They are inspecting their new Austin Twelve-Six de luxe saloon

ARE women good drivers? More nonsense has been written about women motorists than upon any other subject I know. The usual diatribes which appear with unfailing regularity year in, year out, in the lay as well as the motoring Press, are as untrue to life as the wail of the elderly Victorian that we of to-day know neither manners nor morals, or the stock music-hall joke about mothers-in-law. You have only to look at the list of awards in any big international event in which women compete to see for yourself that women motorists can more than hold their own in open competition with men. You will find no trace there of the weak and simpering woman beloved of Victorian fiction. The keen sporting woman motorist is as hard as nails, is a past-master of driving technique, and knows her car from A to Z. The scoffer may answer that the keen woman motorist is the exception which proves the rule. She is rare. But she is no more rare than the keen sporting motorist (male variety). I merely mention her as an example—and a shining one—of what women can do if they really set their minds to the job.

* * *

THE real truth of the matter is that driving skill has nothing whatever to do with sex. It is first and last a question of experience. If there is any difference between the general average of skill of women motorists and men it is due solely to the fact that women very often have not the same chances of driving as their menfolk. A man uses his car for business as well as pleasure, and of necessity has to drive it everywhere, regardless of the traffic and other hazards, and in every kind of weather. The average woman motorist still drives mainly for pleasure. She can choose her time, and to some extent can choose her route. The natural consequence is that she may never know what it is to handle a car on a really slimy road, and may never know the difficulties of driving in dense traffic.

* * *

AND there are thousands of households where women are but occasional motorists. For five days every week, perhaps, the car is never available, and even during the week-ends it is the husband who takes the wheel. The day will come when husbands and wives will no more think of sharing a car than they would a tooth-brush. And then, when women's emancipation is of a truth complete, those husbands who write so scathingly on women's incompetence may find themselves forced to admit that, given a chance to acquire skill, their wives can cut as good a figure as they.

* * *

STATISTICS will prove whatever you choose. It is at least interesting, however, to observe that in America insurance claims show that, in proportion to their numbers, women are responsible for fewer accidents than men. You can explain that away in a dozen different ways. I do *not* suggest that such figures prove that women are better than men. But I do certainly suggest that they give the lie direct to wild assertions that every woman motorist is a lunatic at large. In point of fact, women are probably inclined to greater caution than men. Sometimes they suffer from excess of caution—and that can be very much more exasperating than wild recklessness. At any rate, the fault—if you can call it a fault—is on the right side.

* * *

IT is only a few reckless girl motorists who give their sex so bad a name in the smoking-rooms where livery colonels forgather. One encounter with a she-devil is enough to damn every woman on the road for ever in the eyes of the sufferer; and if he is given to airing his views in the Press he will set up such a hullabaloo that many a man is convinced, despite himself. The deliberately reckless motorist, man or woman, young or old, is, all things considered, surprisingly rare. Seeming recklessness there is in plenty, but it is true to say of almost everybody that it is due primarily to lack of experience. There are a few motorists—and there are as many men as there are women—who will never learn to drive well. Temperament does play a minor part. The real secret of good driving, however, is constant practice and the ability to profit by your mistakes.

THE WINNER AND HIS CAR

Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Loughborough, the winner of Class I in the recent R.A.C. 1,000 miles Rally which finished at Torquay. He is seen with his car, a Lanchester

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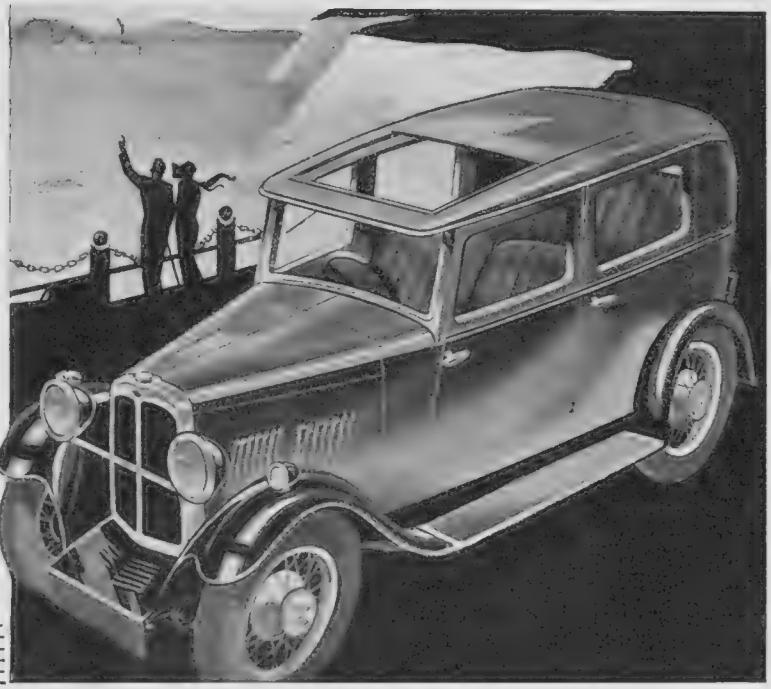

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Mrs. Forshaw, of Knutsford, with her English Setters which she is showing at the Championship Dog Show to-day and to-morrow. It is held at Belle Vue, Manchester

Hysteria Hints

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE had several letters lately on the subject of hysteria, and various correspondents have asked if there is no cure for this annoying complaint. Well, as far as I know there is no cure, because there has, up to date, been no diagnosis of the disease. Veterinary surgeons have been working on the problem for many years past, but it is extraordinarily difficult to discover sufficient data, because the owners of dogs with hysteria give such different accounts of the onset and the symptoms of the attacks.

OF course, a great many fits which have nothing to do with hysteria are labelled as such; for instance, teething fits, epileptic, etc. As a rule, the hysteria begins with the dog looking wildly round and then screaming madly, and dashing off either into the distance or else in the direction of home. While the attack is at its height it throws itself about and seems quite unconscious of its surroundings. Its eyes are glazed and stare wildly. Sometimes these attacks end fatally, but it is not at all necessary that they should; a dog can recover quite well, and never have anything more the matter with it.

HYSTERIA shows itself in the most extraordinary ways. I knew of two spaniels that were out with their master, and on reaching a certain spot by the river they both had fits of hysteria. He took them home, dosed them, and forgot all about it, for they seemed to have been cured. Three months later he happened to take them to the same place, and, hey presto! they both had fits again. Now, can you explain that? Some people have tried to bring the supernatural into it, but although I believe in many aspects of the occult, and particularly in connection with animals, I do not think that hysteria has anything to do with it.

EVERY sort of explanation has been suggested, from parasites in the ear to too farinaceous a diet, but every theory has in turn been exploded. I suppose we all have our theories, but I doubt if they are worth much. I have had four cases myself up to date. The first was ten years ago, before hysteria was a known disease. A puppy of four months took it, and I put it down to teething. So he was put in a darkened room, heavily dosed with a mixture of laudanum (prescribed by the vet.), and he lived to be a grown-up dog, and never had another attack.

THE other three were bitches. Two had the attacks just after their puppies had been weaned, and I attribute it entirely to a natural nervous condition, both mental and physical. The third was an imported bitch just out of quarantine, and when I came to put her in her kennel in the evening she had a typical hysteria fit. I am sure that she thought she was going to be incarcerated again. I had the vet. inject her with morphia; she slept all night, and never had another attack.

A fine head. A "close-up" of Miss Hawkins's Borzoi, Alexandrin, at the Championship Dog Show at Manchester

I AM rather of the opinion that hysteria manifests itself in the same way, but may come from different causes, just as with us; we cry or fall into a passion for various reasons. I think that both jackals and wolves suffer from hysteria. I have actually see a jackal behaving just like a dog with a fit of this disease, and it recovered, apparently, just like a dog does. It was a wild jackal in India, and I watched it, not knowing what was the matter.

Welsh Corgies at home in one of the leading kennels. These little fellows have delightful dispositions

ONE of my theories is that it is aggravated by dogs being kept in dark and confined kennels. I would rather see a dog running about in the wet and mud, but getting what gleams of sunshine there may be, than being kept in a sort of captivity.

IF your dog it attacked by this disease remember that he is perfectly harmless to humans and other dogs, and don't think that he is mad. Get him home (if you can catch him), and until the vet. arrives give him nothing to eat, but administer a couple of aspirins.

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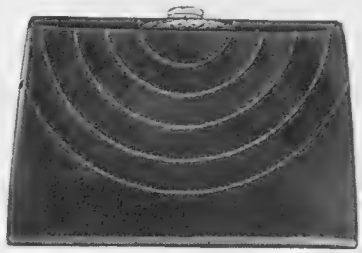

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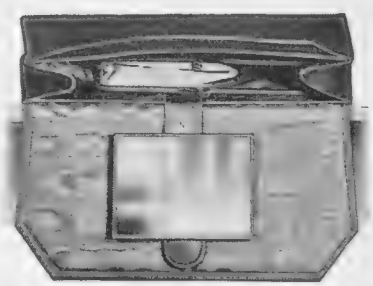

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Dessert. Café.

Ramequins de Chevrettes

Chop ½ pint of prawns, sprinkle with lemon-juice, and put on ice till required. Beat ¼ pint of cream till thick, and then stir in a little cochineal. Mix the prawns and cream together, and place in ramequin cases with the head of a prawn in the centre and a stuffed olive at each end.

Tranches de Saumon

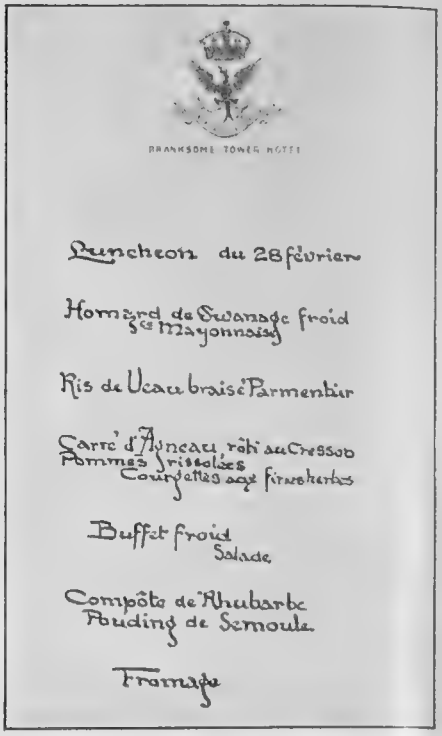
Take two or three slices (according to numbers) of salmon, not quite an inch in thickness, and lay them in a marinade composed of oil, salt, lemon-juice, and herbs for an hour. Then place the slices of salmon on an oiled grid-iron and broil over a clear fire or gas grill. Serve with the following sauce: Prepare some mayonnaise sauce, adding to it a small quantity of French mustard, a few minced gherkins, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a small quantity of chopped olives or spring onions. This sauce is served cold.

Filets de Bœuf aux Bananes

Trim about 2 lb. of beef fillet, cut into even-sized slices, and season with pepper and salt. Melt 2 ozs. of butter in a pan and broil the fillets in this till nicely browned on both sides. Remove and keep hot. Put a gill of good brown sauce in a clean pan and add a glass of sherry. Boil up and reduce a little, season and strain. Peel four bananas, cut each in half crosswise, then split in half lengthwise, season with salt and paprika, egg and breadcrumb them and fry in deep fat to a golden colour. Drain them on a paper. Dish up the fillets neatly, glaze over with a little liquid meat glaze, put a little finely grated horse-radish on top of each fillet, and some of the sauce round the base of the dish. Arrange the fried bananas round the fillets.

Crème à l'Ananas

Dissolve ½ oz. leaf gelatine in a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a little water, then put it in a sauce-pan with ½ pint of grated pineapple and 2 ozs. of sugar, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Leave to cool, first adding a tablespoonful of sherry, and when almost cold add the whites of two eggs stiffly whipped. Turn into a wetted mould, and leave in a cool place till set.



The menu of an attractive luncheon served recently at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Multum in Parvo

A perfect dolls' house replica of a famous country house in the South of England, the foundations of which date back to the time of Ethelwulf, the most recent part having been built in 1650, is on exhibition in the Sports Hall of Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street, W.1. Not only are the rooms furnished most delightfully, but they are inhabited by a large family of dolls, all of which have a very definite place in this scheme of Lilliputian things. The house does not aspire to compete with such famous works of art as the Queen's Dolls' House or Titania's Palace, but rather to emphasise the contrast between the very elaborate and the more simple type of miniature homes. One shilling admission is charged to the exhibition, which is in aid of the Chelsea Branch of the British Legion and of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

For the Stair Carpet

Stair rods, with their attendant labour of fixing and cleaning, are rapidly becoming things of the past now that Clipper Stair Carpet Holders have made a welcome appearance. Not only are the latter very easy to fix, but fitting close to the edge of the carpet they give a pleasing continuity of line which enhances the design and shows up the carpet to the best advantage. The Clipper Stair Carpet Holder should find a welcome in every home where a saving of labour and a smart-looking staircase are equally appreciated.

An Address to Note

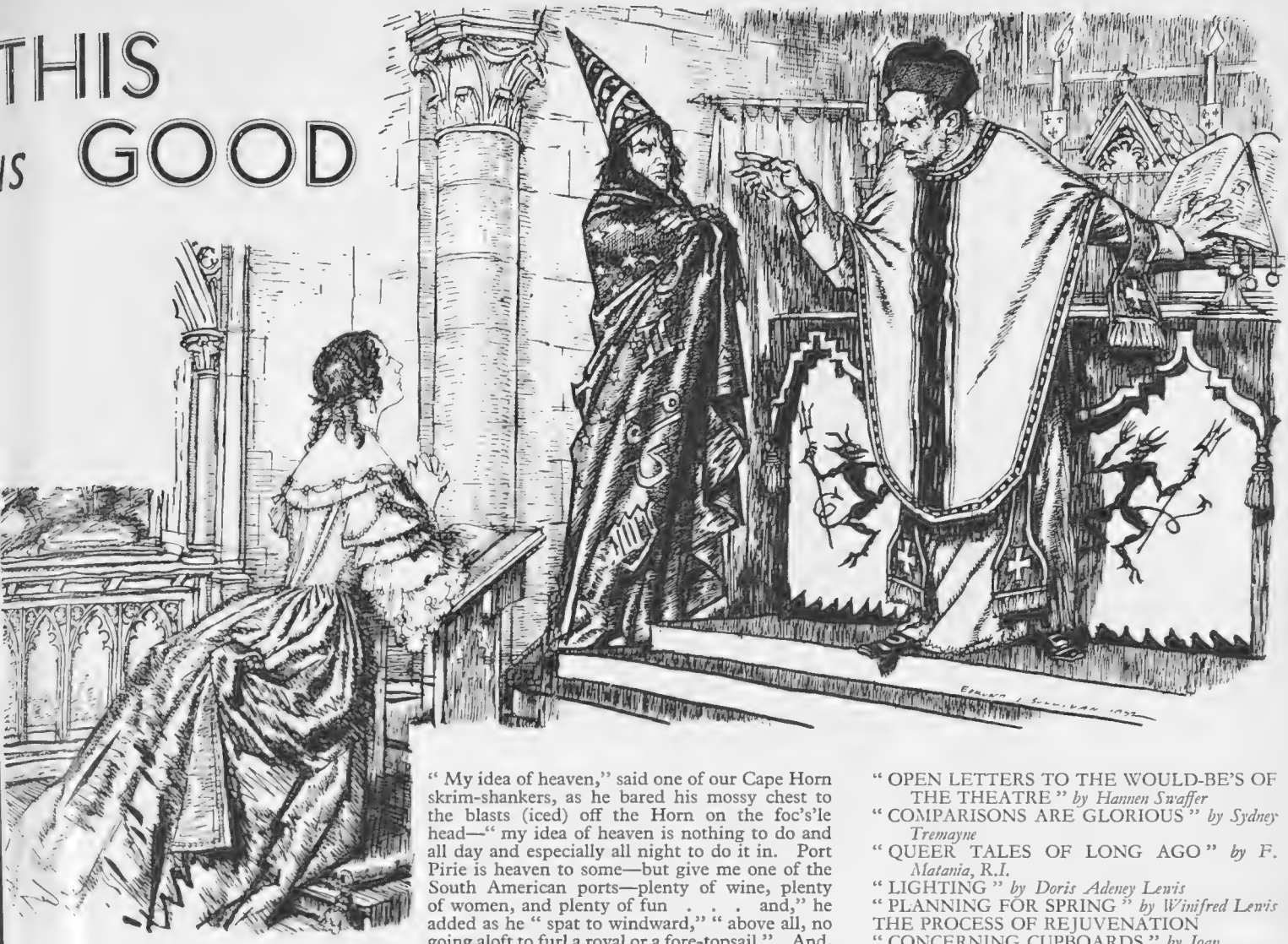
Of interest to all our feminine readers is the news that Madame Maud, the famous inventor of "Beautiform," is moving into new premises. These are situated quite near her old address and are at 78, Baker Street, where she will be installed on March 30. Soon after this date she will give an exhibition of her unique garments which, although so much less than a corset in bulk, is so much more than a corset in the rôle which it plays in moulding and controlling the figure, be it stout or thin.

A Novel Exhibition

For his Third Annual Exhibition, shortly after Easter, Peter North is presenting a series of "Painters' Photographs," in which fifty interesting London personalities will represent periods made familiar by painters. These photographs are not in costume, and the effect is suggested by the sitter's mood and Peter North's composition, and the results he has obtained by this treatment will prove a revelation to all those who are wise enough to make a point of visiting this most interesting exhibition when it opens to the public in the near future. Among the sitters and their originals are the Marchioness of Douro as Homling's "Duke of Cleeves" Lady Brougham and Vaux as an early Grecian painting on a vase, Lady Mary Lygon as a Hoppner, Lady Forres as a Fragonard, the Countess of Lathom as a Holbein, and Mr. Mark Hambourg as the portrait of Orpin by Thos. Gainsborough.

Earl Howe (left) Colonel Hacking, and Mr. D. Noble, of Messrs. Rootes, breakfasting off bacon and eggs at 4 a.m., at the "Ace of Spades," on the Great West Road. The somewhat unusual hour is accounted for by the fact that they were competing in the R.A.C. 1,000 miles Motor Rally and were en route for Torquay at the time

THIS IS GOOD



" My idea of heaven," said one of our Cape Horn skrim-shankers, as he bared his mossy chest to the blasts (iced) off the Horn on the foc's'le head—" my idea of heaven is nothing to do and all day and especially all night to do it in. Port Pirie is heaven to some—but give me one of the South American ports—plenty of wine, plenty of women, and plenty of fun . . . and," he added as he " spat to windward," " above all, no going aloft to furl a royal or a fore-topsail." And, as further afterthought: " May God damn all Cape Horners ! "

" *We must go up,*" said one of our boys to me on the ship I here call the *Mona Lisa*, because she always kept us guessing.

The mate's three whistles have gone. The boys are fast asleep between two spells of brace-hauling in the deckhouse which has replaced the old-time forecastle. They are dreaming of home and mother—" Maybe," as our Wild Boy says, when I suggest that my lemons are better than his *schnapps*.

THE MAGIC OF MONTESPAN

By F. Britten Austin

IT was the year 1667. She was twenty-six years of age. In the darkness rarely irradiated by a dim lantern slung between the overhanging houses, muffled in a cloak and masked, she hurried through the unsavoury narrow alleys of the St. Severin quarter, on the left bank of the Seine. Desœillets, her maid and confidante, similarly disguised, conducted her. They turned at last into the Rue de la Tannerie. Desœillets peered about her, recognised the house. " It is here, madame ! " The maid knocked three times at a door. It opened instantly. They were expected.

They entered a gloom lit by a flickering taper in the hand of the short, stout woman who had admitted them. She mastered a spasm of uncanny apprehension, with an effort of proud will. There was nothing of which she was afraid. She would ally herself with Satan and all his fiends, if it were necessary. Nothing should stand between her and that most daring ambition which, cost what it would, she would achieve.

" Is everything prepared ? " she asked, haughtily.

The short, stout woman answered with plebeian deference :

" All is ready, madame. If madame will deign to follow me . . . "

AND THEN THERE ARE THESE . . . . .

" THE CRIMINAL AFLOAT " *by C. Fox Smith*
" JUMPIN' THE BORDER " *by Robin Douglas*
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ORANGE AND LEMON TIME
SWEETS, SALADS AND CHUTNEYS FROM BANANAS
HOW TO SPRING CLEAN YOUR FURNITURE
ARE YOU A THERMOMETER FIEND... ?

AND THIS . . .

WIND-JAMMING THE HORN

by Shaw Desmond

" EVERY man and some women have their own idea of heaven — sometimes celestial, sometimes sublimated hell. Most people's heavens would be my hell. You shall decide into which category falls " Sailor's Heaven."

In the MARCH issue of the NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
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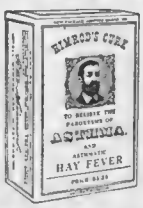

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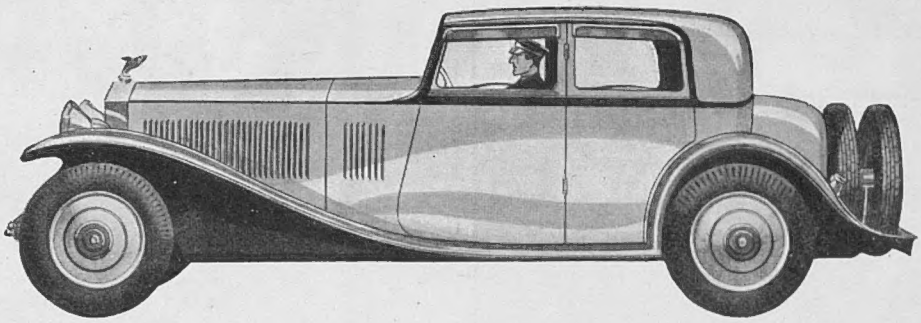

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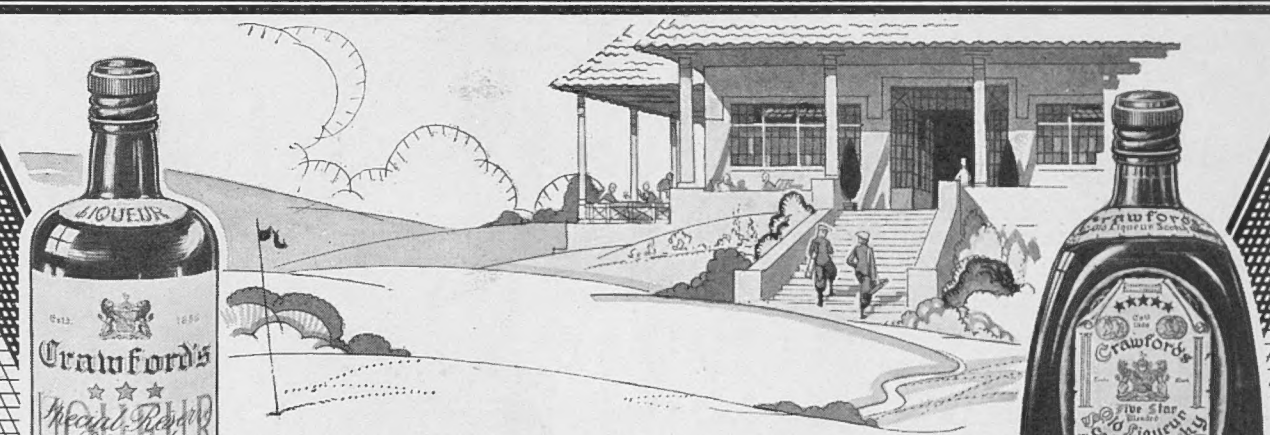

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